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November 25<sup>th</sup>

*National Catholic Magazine*



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**Red Footlights**  
by George A. McGuire

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# LETTERS



## "Two Black Boys"

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Congratulations to Clara Laidlaw and a hearty thanks for her masterpiece of literature which she has given in her short story, "Two Black Boys" (September issue).

Of the many stories which I have read in your magazine, this is by far the most beautiful. It is an editorial, a poem, and a song which needs no music.

CPL. JOSEPH B. CRABTREE  
Dow Air Force Base, Maine

## "What's Happened to the Family?"

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Bernard Frazier's article, "What's Happened to the Family?" stirred me to write this letter in protest. He is to be commended, certainly, for feeling that having babies is a form of beauty, a fact upon which my husband and I agree. However, I don't think that having two children in a little over two years gives Mr. Frazier the authority to criticize other Catholics. Now if he had, say, six or more children I'd lend an ear. I'd say "Here's a man who really loves children, who wants them in spite of all the trials and heartaches they give."

Mr. Frazier may very well say that he didn't mean his article for people like us, but you'd be surprised how much damage an article like his can do.

(MRS.) ANN E. LUNA  
Yonkers, N. Y.

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

The article, "What's Happened to the Family?" struck such a deep chord in my heart that I can contain myself no longer.

I'm in the hospital now with my fourth little treasure of a baby and have only recently celebrated my fifth wedding anniversary. God has been good to bless us with these little souls. Both my husband and I feel exactly as do your Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Frazier.

So few young married couples realize the depths of happiness and contentment absolute trust in God in this child-having aspect of marriage can bring. It is difficult to be always fighting against the materialistic influences and advices about us, but we have everything worthwhile to gain and nothing to lose if we do. People like the Fraziers are the kind of friends we like to have, and articles such as his

are so needed to encourage those who lack such Christian example.

(MRS.) MARY L. KEOUGH  
Quebec, Canada

## The Sign vs Life

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

I see that *Life* of September 26th had a picture article on Notre Dame's laboratory experiments with germfree life. Dale Francis, in the May issue of *The Sign*, scooped them by a couple of months! Keep up the good work.

GEORGE FRANKS  
Los Angeles, Calif.

## Prisoner in Africa Writes

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

I must really beg your pardon for daring to write this letter to you, but somehow I feel I should. I am writing from Nigeria, West Africa. So that you may quickly know my reason, I shall tell you who and why I write. I am an Englishman from Cheshire, England, and up to a month or two ago I worked for the Nigerian Government. Owing to a motor accident, I ran afoul of the law here and find myself in prison in Lagos. You can imagine how depressed I was feeling, especially when I consider myself entirely innocent.

However, the Rev. Sister Superior of the Sisters of Holy Cross Convent, knowing I was a Catholic, contrived to bring me some books to read, amongst which was a copy of *THE SIGN*. If you could only know how much pleasure I had in reading that copy and how much consolation the articles brought to me, but then I am rambling. My reason for writing is to thank you and those like you who help to spread good Catholic reading to the world and to pray God's blessing upon you—my only way of showing my appreciation.

G. H. PRIDGEON  
Lagos Prison  
Lagos, Nigeria, West Africa

## "Stage and Screen"

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

The Summer Playguide by Mr. Cotter in the July issue should be in the files of every Catholic theater group! In fact each month's issue brings us a most reliable criticism of "Stage and Screen."

SISTER MARY LEOLA, B.V.M.  
Boulder, Colo.

## An Author Replies

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

It is inevitable that any story should meet with mixed response, and I am by no means offended that Francis Butler, in your "Letters" column for August, should have found my story, "Quality Folks," less than acceptable.

However, I should like to go on record as saying that the story was not intended to hold the Negro up to ridicule, and that I should be greatly pained if it had that effect among any significant number of readers.

A native of Georgia and a convert to Catholicism, I have crusaded for equality of treatment for Negroes and whites even

THE SIGN



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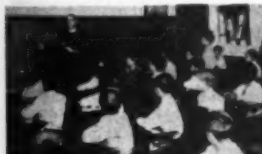
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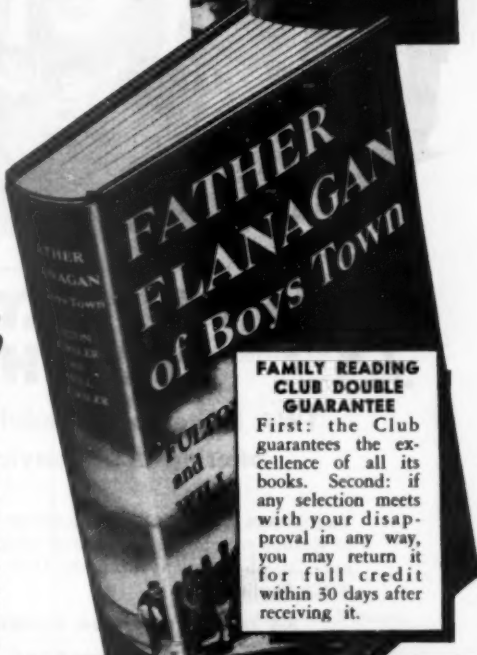
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to my own hurt, economically and socially. My record in this respect will bear the closest inspection. I have never in my life knowingly discriminated against any person because of his skin color, and, God willing, I never shall. To do so is directly contrary to the teachings of the Church as I understand them.

My purpose in writing the "William" stories, of which "Quality Folks" is the second, is indeed to emphasize that the Church, as exemplified by the Trappist monks appearing in the stories, is color blind when dealing with her children.

I realize that the matter of Negro dialect is a delicate one, since this device has been largely employed for humorous effect. My only answer to this is to say that I did not so use it in my stories and that I see nothing more reprehensible in its use than in that of Irish, Scotch, hill-billy, or other dialects which writers constantly use for atmosphere. If I had had William and his mother speak like Harvard graduates, I should have rightly set myself up as a laughingstock.

And thanks for the many who have sent letters of praise of the stories, and which my busy life as a newspaper man has made impossible to answer.

GROVER ABLES

Savannah, Ga.

### **"Cradle Catholics"**

#### **EDITORS OF THE SIGN:**

It is shocking indeed to read the letter signed "M. M." in the September issue of your valuable magazine. We so-called "Cradle Catholics" are also born outside the Church, for only by the grace of God, after having received the holy Sacrament of Baptism, may we be properly termed Catholics.

We may well emulate the good example shown by our converts, many of whom are daily Communicants while the vast majority of our "Cradle Catholics" are Sunday Catholics only. It should be part of our main work in this life to help bring these outside the Fold into the one true Church.

JULIA V. MACINERNEY

Dunkirk, N. Y.

### **The Sign and Labor**

#### **EDITORS OF THE SIGN:**

I would like to reply to several letters in the September issue. These letters insultingly inferred that the Editors of THE SIGN were dishonest and deceitful in their presentation of the facts on Taft-Hartley, Health Insurance, and other issues and castigated them for their pro-labor and pro-public welfare stand. Obviously, the authors are so mired in their own prejudice and self-interest that they cannot accept any study, no matter how well documented and supported with facts and statistics, which is contrary to their opinions. These writers forget that organized labor, aided and influenced by the doctrines and leaders of the Church, played a great role in gaining for all of us the many benefits and high standard of living we have in this country.

I am afraid that organized labor has another hard job ahead of it—the task of

(Continued on Page 76)

THE SIGN

# The Sign

NATIONAL CATHOLIC  
MAGAZINE

Monastery Place, Union City, N. J.

NOVEMBER 1949

VOL. 29



No. 4

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1949



# EDITOR'S PAGE

## Russia's Atom Bomb

THE announcement of an atomic explosion in Soviet Russia was followed by reassurances that we knew all along that the Reds would break the secret of atomic energy, that we had taken this into account, and that it does not alter the military or political situation.

The motive for playing down the impact of this development was to avoid hysteria. The effect has been that honeyed words and half-truths have lulled many into a false sense of security.

Russia's possession of the atom bomb makes a great and dangerous change in the world situation.

Only yesterday, military experts were telling us that our allies in Western Europe were practically helpless in the face of the tremendous Russian army of 5,000,000 men under arms, supplied with thousands of large tanks and aided by a powerful air force. The only debatable point was whether it would take them a few weeks or a few months to drive through Europe to the English Channel and the Mediterranean. All that held them in check was the realization that an invasion of Western Europe would bring us into the war, and we were the sole possessors of the atom bomb. According to our timetable, the Russians would not have the atom bomb before 1952, which allowed us several years to help rebuild the military power of Western Europe.

And now, before we had done anything, just as we are at the stage of appropriating funds to arm our allies, we get the news that Russia has the atom bomb. No we-knew-it-all-along reassurances, however official, can convince us that we haven't lost a crucial round in our struggle to contain the ambitious and aggressive Soviets.

Due to possession of the atom bomb and geography, Russian military power is now predominant in Europe, and as political fortunes follow military, the Communist parties of Western Europe will again become the grave threat they were before the Marshall Plan and the North Atlantic Pact.

With an assurance inspired by possession of the atom bomb, Soviet intransigence and belligerency in international relations will probably increase, delaying still further a peaceful world settlement

and introducing a new period of distrust and war jitters.

The picture is not altogether black, however. We still have a head start of four years in the manufacture of the atom bomb; we have a strategic stock pile of improved-type bombs; we have much better long-range planes and air bases near Russian territory; we have a much greater industrial potential. All of these add up to a caution sign to the rulers of the Kremlin that the path of conquest will not be short nor easy.

The situation is just about this: a gang of brigands has come upon a store of arms that gives them about equal strength with the police. Will they use it? Hitler, Mussolini, and Tojo did. Perhaps Stalin has learned from them, but totalitarians are driven irresistibly by an inner compulsion to force the world into a mold of their own making.

WHILE we should be hard-headed and realistic, there is no reason to consider war inevitable. We should work with redoubled energy for disarmament or at least a drastic arms limitation; we should renew our efforts to establish a vetoless control agency for atomic weapons, with wide powers of ownership and management and completely effective powers of inspection.

Until agreements are reached which are valid in fact as well as in promise, we must continue to rearm ourselves and our allies at the fastest possible rate; we must base our actions on the all-too-well-founded assumption that the aim of the Reds is world conquest and that only the presence of superior force will halt them.

We owe this to ourselves. We owe it also to our allies who will find themselves under constant pressure to take the first step on the fatal road of compromise with the Russians. Any compromise on our part or theirs can end only in surrender.

*Father Ralph Gorman, C.P.*



## EDITORIALS IN PICTURES AND IN PRINT



Acme

Konrad Adenauer receives kisses from his daughters after his election as Chancellor of West Germany. He has a difficult job, and carping remarks from U.S. press don't help.



Harris & Ewing

Left to right, Joint Chiefs of Staff: General Collins, Admiral Denfeld, General Bradley and Vandenberg. Co-ordination is less expensive and more effective.

WHEN, at 12:01 A.M. October 1, 1949, Mr. Philip Murray called the United Steelworkers out on strike, few thoughtful people considered the action anything but regrettable. And,

### *The Strike of the Steelworkers*

although it was Mr. Murray who called the strike, the country must hold Mr. Benjamin Fairless, president of the United States Steel Corporation, equally responsible. The man who performs an action and the man who almost forces him to perform that action are certainly co-responsible. Mr. Fairless adopted an inflexible position, deliberately provoked the strike he knew would come and which now the whole nation deplors.

It will be recalled that the steelworkers had asked a "package" totaling 30 cents an hour—12.5 cents in wages, 11.23 cents to finance retirement pensions of \$125 a month, and 6.27 cents for health and life insurance. When the presidential fact-finding board's report was made public on September 10, it was found to have recommended that there be no wage increase and that the companies provide about 6 cents an hour to give a worker a pension of \$100 a month plus 4 cents an hour for social welfare. It proposed that both sides work out the details by next March 1.

Although this recommendation was obviously far below what the union sought, the union nevertheless accepted it. The public reaction was almost unanimous that the fact-finding board had done a commendable job. But then, to the surprise of the country, the steel companies refused to accept the recommendation that they pay the whole cost of a pension and insurance program without employee contribution. The union, having foregone a wage increase and having accepted a decreased pension and insurance program, understandably insisted on the sole concession the board had made to labor. Over this a strike was precipitated that, for all Mr. Fairless or Mr. Murray knew, could plunge the whole nation into an economic tailspin, should the strike be long lasting. After all, 40 per cent of the nation's manufacturing industry and many of the railroads depend on steel. Halted production in these industries, layoffs, and shutdowns in a month or six weeks were the prospect both Mr. Fairless and Mr. Murray freely risked.

The sole issue was whether employees should shoulder some of the pension and insurance costs. The public cannot help asking, is this issue important enough to justify what these two men chiefly are to blame for having brought to pass on October 1? Mr. Fairless stated he was willing to pay the whole 10 cents recommended by the board just so long as the employees contributed something over and above in order "to pay the costs of adequate insurance and pension programs." If the union is satisfied with "inadequate" programs, is that sufficient reason for Mr. Fairless to co-sponsor a strike? Or, if Mr. Fairless was willing to pay the whole 10 cents, did Mr. Murray have adequate grounds for a strike over the slogan "no employee contribution"?



*Wide World*  
With prudence bred of popular front thinking, the U.S. stands by as China is engulfed. Center, Communist chief Mao Tze-tung greets his generals on a tour of Peiping.



*Religious News Service*  
These two girls from Marion College, Ind. are weeding out indecent literature. Catholic colleges have started a national campaign. All Catholics should join.



*Harris & Ewing*  
Sen. McMahon of Atomic Energy Committee says that in the absence of international control "there is no other thing to do but increase our stockpile." A grave necessity.

Moralists cannot condone nor will the public long tolerate the highhandedness of this sort of thing. Public opinion will not be ignored. Were it to be crystallized further along original Taft-Hartley lines, it would be unfortunate indeed for all labor relations.

**A Profession of Faith**

FOR nine months the trial of the eleven Communists had dragged on in New York City, and the end was not yet. For nine months every stalling tactic ingenious legal minds gone Communist could invent was tried, and here October was almost upon the sorely tried patience of the court. And then happened a little scene in that court that shows the arrogant conceit of the Communist mind. One of the counsels for the defense, Harry Sacher by name, presumed to issue a Party card to Jesus Christ.

Judge Harold Medina was on the bench. United States Attorney John F. X. McGohey, the prosecutor, stood by. Mr. Sacher began melodramatically, his voice rising: "The early Christians used false names. They met in secret. They taught in secret. They did so many things more than this evidence disclosed that if Mr. McGohey," and here the voice rose to a shout, "were a contemporary of Jesus he would have had Jesus in the dock."

There was a stunned silence, broken only when Mr. McGohey finally said, "Your Honor, I resent that." "I don't blame you," said the judge. With shaking voice the prosecutor continued: "That is the most unconscionable thing I have ever heard, Your Honor. I was born and raised in this city. It is well known that I am a member of the Catholic Church. I firmly and with all my heart believe that Jesus Christ is divine, that He is the Son of God, and to have it said in this court room, where I am a member of the bar, that I would have persecuted my God is an insult."

The judge turned to Mr. Sacher and said: "Please refrain from any such references again, Mr. Sacher. That was quite improper. It was a terrible thing to say." Counsel for the defense Sacher continued on with his argument as though nothing at all had happened. The judge broke in: "You don't even apologize for it!" "I have no apologies to make," he replied curtly. "The depths to which you can sink—" began the judge, and then stopped, slowly shaking his head.

To Mr. McGohey, our admiration. For Mr. Sacher, our impartial prayers.

**Jerusalem for the Jews?**

IT is with emphasized words and italicized print and underlined protest that every Christian should insist upon the United Nations' accepting the report of its own Commission on Palestine. There is a potent movement in cloak-rooms and in public to have the report of the Palestine Conciliation Committee set

aside. The Israeli Government has already denounced this plan for an international regime for Jerusalem and the sixty surrounding square miles. In fact, the *New York Times* reported that Israeli opposition is "fierce" and that "resistance to the Jerusalem project is indicated even to the point of armed force." Already American Jewry is aroused, and Flushing Meadows will be the battleground whereon the fate of the Holy Places will be decided.

The draft statute establishing a regime for the exercise of the "full and permanent authority" of the United Nations over the Jerusalem area (including Bethlehem) provides for a Jewish zone and an Arab zone, but gives neither sovereignty. Government would be in the hands of a United Nations commissioner with various councils and tribunals functioning under him. The chief aim of the statute is the

THE SIGN



safety of the Holy Places, and it would belong to the commissioner to maintain free access to them. Both zones would be demilitarized.

This statute goes a long way toward alleviating the anxiety of Christendom that its rights in Jerusalem will be respected. And, if the Jews of the world continue to protest this disposition of the United Nations, they would do well to remember that the same United Nations made it possible for them to have a Jewish state at all. With no clear title even from the United Nations for occupying all the land Israel now possesses, in asserting claim to Jerusalem will they thwart the wishes and the rights of Christendom as effectively as they did those of the Arab world? The current session of the United Nations will tell the story.

BEING grateful for small blessings, we are touched by the attitude of sweet reasonableness with which certain Protestant leaders endeavor to strangle the Catholic Church in

### American Freedom, Protestant Power

the United States. They dread the day when the Catholic public will be big enough to throw its weight around as the Protestant churches do now, and they are fighting to forestall such an event. But they are very sweet about it. They say to us: We are alarmed about you, for we are sure that, as soon as you are strong enough, you will make us Protestants into second class citizens. So we must fight to make you second class citizens. They sigh over the sad necessity of it. But, as we noted, they do it very sweetly.

Perhaps it is time for us to break down and confess that we too are alarmed. We too say it with a reluctant sigh.

American Protestants generate their alarm over American Catholics, not by looking back at our record, but by peering prophetically forward and forecasting what we will do later on. They concede that our slate is clean up to the present.

Our alarm concerning them, however, is not based on any prophetic snooping into the future. It is based on contemporary fact, and it frightens us.

There is, for instance, the organized Protestant agitation against the Massachusetts Birth Control Law. That law was enacted in the latter part of the last century through the pressure of Protestant public opinion. Protestants sponsored it because they considered birth control something shamefully immoral. At that time, Catholics had little influence in Massachusetts and were treated like much less than second class citizens. But now Protestant leaders have decreed that birth control is no longer immoral. Rather, it is something of a civic duty. And they practically accuse us of saddling Catholic doctrine on their backs, because we will not conform to the current styling of their morals and help them repeal their own law.

That is the kind of thing which alarms us. Tampering first with the law of God, then attempting to build up a civil law to correspond with that sacrilege, then bringing moral pressure to bear on us to make us collaborate.

There is also the messy divorce situation and the train of broken homes and neglected children which litter the country. Responsibility lies with legislative and administrative standards which stem from current Protestant opinion on the morality of divorce. No part of it can be laid on the doorstep of the Catholic Church.

The campaign for the legalization of mercy killing has a sizable number of Protestant clergymen behind it. They apparently have the blessing of their church on their undertaking, since their church does not effectively disown nor censure them.

Regularly, Protestant church conventions resolve that we can and should find a *modus vivendi* for getting along with Communism. Certainly, there is such a *modus vivendi*; and



Acme  
Labor still suffers from enemies within. Left-winger Albert Fitzgerald was re-elected president of U.E. He has been called one of the "Communist-minded misleaders."



Religious News Service  
Father Lombardi, S.J. brought his crusade of love to the New World. He predicts the collapse of Communism. We pray Communistic hate will be replaced by Christian love.



International  
These children of Downers Grove, Ill. can't enter school because they live in a trailer, pay no taxes. Catholics pay taxes, but their children still can't get federal aid.



Elena Marakova of Havrana, Slovakia enjoys a glass of milk distributed by UN Children's Emergency Fund. This is the charity that makes friends and unites nations.



The newest thing at the Leipzig Fair—Communist posters. One above shows Pres. Truman in an SS uniform with dollar-sign insignia. For an old ally, a knife in the back.

it is not hard to find. It consists simply in lying down and letting mad, little Commie tyrants trample on our necks. It consists also in shoving Christ back into His tomb and sealing the entrance. Unfortunately, we are perverse enough to be less than enthusiastic. In fact, in line with the best political opinion in America, we find it decidedly distasteful.

Then there is the growing Protestant support of secularism. Five Protestant bishops are named on the National Committee of the Civil Liberties Union, which in 1947-48 backed such causes as: closing public school buildings to all religious teaching and opening public school auditoriums to Communist groups; the right of publishers to send nudist publications through the mails and to feature in their publications—without penalty—bloodshed, lust, and crime; immunity from indictment for Communist Party officials whose opinions allegedly advocate overthrow of the Government; canceling of all released time for religious instruction.

It may be true that human wolves have civil rights. But a bishop is essentially a man whose job is to feed and protect his sheep. So we feel entitled to be both puzzled and alarmed when we see these shepherds hoisting the wolf over the fence into their sheepfold, and then picking his teeth for him after he has finished dining on their lambs.

This is a small sample of what Protestantism has done and is doing in the United States. We frankly shudder at what it might be doing twenty-five years from now.

But, in saying so, we hope we have been sweet about it.

**THE** *Nation* has filed a petition with the Supreme Court in Albany County, New York, asking the court to lift the ban laid on it by New York school authorities. In these days

### ***Democracy Can Be a Racket***

when Supreme Court decisions may depend as much on the judicial liver as on the Constitution, we would not risk a guess as to how the court might find in this case. But, if the *Nation* is restored to the magazine racks of the public schools as a standing insult to the Catholic public, then the only way Catholics can obtain equity will be by insisting that equivalently insulting material be procured so that Protestants, Jews, and Negroes may come in for their share of contempt. The court will be implying exactly that.

Under a constitution so interpreted, democracy would not be a political system which grants equal rights to everyone. It would be a system which would guarantee equal rights only to the man who was willing to be a rogue.

For the court would be saying: American democracy does not protect a man from being lied about. It merely permits him to lie in retaliation. It doesn't protect his daughter from violation. It simply permits him to violate the daughter of the man who violates his. It doesn't save him from traitors. It allows him to be a traitor too. Specifically to Catholics the court would be saying: You must swallow the *Nation*, but why not make Episcopalians and Jews swallow something equally unpalatable. To us, this seems like underwriting anarchy.

Wouldn't you think that this idea would occur to the people who are backing the *Nation*, and that they would pull up short to avoid some sort of Catholic retaliation? Wouldn't you think that they would want to keep the *Nation* out of the schools lest we insist on dragging *The Cross and the Flag* or the writings of Julius Streicher into them?

Actually, no. They know we would not do a thing like that. Because they know that we are too decent to do it. So they play our virtue against us, as Christ's enemies played His against Him.

And they have petitioned the Supreme Court in Albany County, New York, to help them get away with it.



# He Hates Easy Jobs

by JOSEPH NOLAN

**The new Attorney General has a lot of hard work cut out for him. Fortunately he is used to it and loves it**

WHEN a Senate colleague stepped up to congratulate J. Howard McGrath on his appointment as Attorney General, he added a somber note of warning.

"With all the furor over Communists and witch-hunting, Howard, it won't be an easy job," he said.

"Senator," replied McGrath candidly, "I hate easy jobs."

Debonair, dignified James Howard McGrath would have to think a long time to remember when he has had an easy job in his forty-five (forty-six on November 28) years of life. At the age of seven, he was trying to sell apples at a beach resort where vacationists showed a pertinacious preference for hot dogs and soda pop. As wartime Governor of war-production-conscious Rhode Island, he used to say that "every day brings a new headache." When he became Chairman of the dissension-ridden Democratic National Committee and President Tru-

man's 1948 campaign manager, he changed that to "every day brings one hundred new headaches."

Now, in an uneasy world where Communism is a threat and witch-hunting a tempting talisman, J. Howard McGrath has moved into the most responsible legal post in the United States.

In masterminding the Government's home-front fight on Communists, McGrath is constantly faced with this problem: how to root out subversive elements without simultaneously smearing thousands of loyal citizens.

It's a ticklish problem that must be handled with scrupulous care, fairness, and adherence to the facts. Those who know McGrath are confident this is the way he will handle it.

Most lawyers, if offered the Attorney Generalship, would grab it before you could say "whereas." Not so with Mc-

Grath. When the President asked him how he'd like to run "the biggest law office in the world," McGrath paused for a moment, then replied:

"Mr. President, I'd like a few days to think about it."

When McGrath was appointed Attorney General, there were murmurs of "politics" from some Republicans. They argued that McGrath, without any particular qualifications for the job, was merely being paid off for his contribution to the President's victory at the polls. These critics, however, overlooked the fact that McGrath was no stranger to the Justice Department. He had put in six years as United States District Attorney for Rhode Island, under the supervision of the department, and had served one year as Solicitor General, the second most important post in the department.



In his new role, McGrath is on call from the White House for legal advice, particularly on bills passed by Congress and sent to the President for his signature. The chief executive also looks to his Attorney General for legal opinions concerning the exercise of special emergency powers.

The Attorney General sets the pattern of federal justice throughout the United States. He has a major voice in determining what kind of federal judge or district attorney is appointed when a vacancy occurs. He can see that all offenders are impartially prosecuted, or he can yield to political pressure and refrain from seeking an indictment.

When he took office, McGrath announced that he would insist on "vigorous enforcement" of the antitrust laws. He lost no time in backing up that statement. Barely three weeks after the swearing-in ceremonies, he filed a civil antitrust suit to break up the Great Atlantic & Pacific Tea Company's vast food empire into seven independently owned retail chains.

The President's new lawyer is a man of strikingly different personality from his predecessor, Tom Clark. He has none of Clark's homey Texas mannerisms or his intimate, "How ya' doin'?" approach.

It was once said of Clark that he could endure anything except being disliked. McGrath, like most ambitious politicians, has stepped on some toes and made some enemies, and he admits it.

He is a brisk, businesslike man of medium build who has little time for small talk. He is precise in dress and speech. His well-tailored appearance (his wife picks out his clothes) and rhythmic gait exude easy self-assurance.

Despite his preoccupation with the business at hand, however, he possesses a suave amiability and a quiet sense of humor.

At the Democratic Party's August dinner in Washington, he roguishly introduced romantic Vice President Alben W. Barkley as "the squire of Paducah and the new 'Spirit of St. Louis'."

**A**FTER the election, when asked if the President planned to punish those Democrats who were lukewarm in their support, McGrath replied with a sly smile that he thought Mr. Truman would be willing to forgive "venial sins," but that he would be tough on the "mortal sinners."

A devout Catholic, McGrath attends Mass frequently during the week and always before an important occasion. Prior to taking the oath of office as Attorney General, he assisted at a private Mass in his home with his mother, his wife Estelle and his twelve-

year-old son David. It was offered by the Rev. Daniel Gallihier of Providence College, who has been McGrath's spiritual adviser since his student days. Father Gallihier also said Mass in Washington for McGrath the day he was sworn in as United States Senator from Rhode Island.

The \$15,000 McGrath receives as a Cabinet officer is only a small part of his income. In his home state, he has profitable banking, real estate, and insurance interests, and his fortune has been variously estimated between \$1,000,000 and \$8,000,000. McGrath himself scoffs at these figures.

J. Howard McGrath got his money—as he got everything else—by good old-fashioned hard work.

"There's never been anything colorful about me," he says. "I've just had to work like the devil."

Son of an Irish immigrant, Howard was born November 28, 1903 in the little Rhode Island mill town of Woonsocket, just across the border from Massachusetts. Scarcely a shillelagh's throw away in Boston, another member of the Truman Cabinet—Secretary of Labor Maurice J. Tobin—had been born two years before. Through the years their political careers were destined to cross at many points.

The McGrath family (there were

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• Nothing is ridiculous except the fear of being so.

—FAUCONNIER

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four children altogether) soon moved to East Providence, where Howard grew up. At St. Joseph's parochial school and LaSalle Academy he made good grades but never had time for athletics. He was always too busy working. A youngster earnest beyond his years, he sold neckties in a department store and flowers in a five-and-ten.

A newspaper subscription contest brought Howard to the attention of the paper's owner, United States Senator Peter G. Gerry, who took an immediate liking to the lad. Howard soon became a cog in the Gerry political machine. While at Providence College, he organized the Young Men's Democratic League of Rhode Island and became its first President.

"It was in college," McGrath recalls now, "that I decided on politics as a career. It seemed to me to hold out tremendous possibilities for advancement and constructive work."

"The Republicans were solidly entrenched in Rhode Island in those days. Some of the older Democrats were indifferent to party setbacks because they usually managed to get minority ap-

pointments if they lost. But we young people were not satisfied, so we got busy and tried to do something about it."

In 1928, with Gerry's backing, McGrath became vice-chairman of the Democratic State Committee while a student at Boston University Law School. Two years later, at twenty-seven, he was Democratic State chairman and admittedly a young man on the way up.

The election year of 1932 found McGrath plumping for Franklin D. Roosevelt for President and Theodore Francis Green for Governor of Rhode Island. Both were elected, and in 1934 FDR appointed McGrath as United States District Attorney for Rhode Island.

**D**URING the next six years of political turmoil in Rhode Island, he adroitly built up his own political organization. In 1940, he felt it was ripe for a test. He ran for Governor against the popular Republican incumbent, William H. Vanderbilt, and was elected. He repeated in 1942 and 1944, running 54,000 votes ahead of FDR in the latter year.

McGrath's administration in the state capitol was highlighted by enactment of his cash sickness insurance plan for workers, establishment of a state curative center where injured industrial employees could get free rehabilitation treatments, and inauguration of a separate juvenile court system.

As leader of the Rhode Island delegation to the Democratic National convention of 1944, McGrath was convinced that Henry A. Wallace would hurt the ticket if he should be nominated for Vice President. He knew very little about Sen. Harry Truman of Missouri, but he liked what he had heard of his record as chairman of the Senate War Investigating Committee. When the two met in the lobby of the Stevens Hotel in Chicago, McGrath assured Truman that Rhode Island would back him if he were a candidate.

The following day, McGrath got a telephone call from Postmaster General Frank Walker. Roosevelt, he said, wanted Truman as his running mate. Would McGrath make a seconding speech? He'd be glad to.

That night when he had finished and was pushing his way through the milling throng at the convention hall, McGrath chanced to pass the Missouri delegation's section. Harry Truman, seated on the aisle, clasped his hand warmly.

"Son," he said, "I will never forget you."

(Continued on Page 78)

# RED FOOTLIGHTS



Stella Adler



Frederic March

Using the dupes that flutter around  
the red flame, the Communists are  
burrowing into the theatrical world

**Y**OU don't have to be a Communist or fellow traveler to get a job or sell a play on Broadway—but it helps! The efficiently organized, grimly determined Red cell which operates in the theater is cleverly and successfully fostering the notion that the road to stardom is smoother for the "politically conscious."

To the average young hopefuls arriving on the street of dreams armed with Pepsodent smiles, slim bank balances, and drama school diplomas, this Red racket is both a surprise and a snare.

They read the petitions which circulate with amazing speed and frequency in the theatrical sector. They become targets for the drugstore oracles who spread the leftist political credo over cokes between job-hunting treks. They learn lessons in pressure technique at Equity meetings, when the rabid Reds use every trick in the book to get a point across.

They may even be invited to join one of the cellar acting groups which flourish in Greenwich Village and the Broadway side streets, where they soon find themselves dedicated to the ad-

vancement of the left-wing playwrights and imported ideas.

By this time they have been conditioned to the belief, partly true, that the swiftest progress and the meatiest roles are reserved for those who take the left fork in the road.

Most of these aspiring Bernhards and Barrymores never gave the political aspects of an acting career any thought at all. Stanislavsky and Shakespeare comprised the curriculum in workshop and school, but the Broadway apprentices soon learn that Stalin fits into the picture as well.

The young playwright is also taught left-wing demands early in the game. Whatever rosy ideas he may have had about writing the great American epic soon go into the discard. If he exhibits any talent at all, he is persuaded to channel it along the lines laid down by the arbiters of the "liberal" drama.

He finds himself prodded into doing

sagas of social significance or proletarian protest in order to win the attention of the producers and the plaudits of the metropolitan critics. While the men who produce and review the current plays may have private views on the subject, most have allowed themselves to be railroaded into the belief that New York audiences demand plays loaded with the pink philosophy.

Faced by such a barrier to success, the would-be O'Neill knows he must conform or go back to writing obits in Syracuse. Most of them succumb to what Broadway calls "common sense."

After all, he has examples of how to become a successful playwright. Hasn't Arthur Miller won prizes and earned many, many capitalist dollars for his leftist epic, *Death of a Salesman*? Doesn't Lillian Hellman, the "Pasionaria" of the playwrights and perennial petition signer, do mighty well for herself whenever she takes time out to write a "social" drama? Isn't Garson Kanin making a neat thing of smooth, slick, sophisticated dramas with slightly veiled messages? Didn't his sister-in-law, Fay Kanin, make a meteoric rise from

by

**GEORGE A. McGUIRE**

obscurity with *Goodbye My Fancy*, in which a conservative college prexy is given "the treatment"?

How well the commissars have done their work in sponsoring the Red cause in the theater is on the record for all to see. Vocal in pushing their demands at Equity meetings, active in organizing for the myriad pet projects of the Party, vicious in the Kremlin techniques of backbiting and blacklisting, the Broadway commandos of Communism never sleep. At least not when there is any chance open to them to advance the racket.

Just how far their influence extends is perhaps best indicated by the importance of those who dutifully sign the guest register at Communist-backed culture conferences or affix their marquee names to protests, demands, and petitions. From Paul Robeson to Gene Kelly, the list is painfully familiar. Anyone who has worked in a Broadway company or been connected in any way with the legit knows the routine. A Peekskill affair, a high court conviction, a deportation threat and, presto!; the petition bearers start making the backstage rounds.

One young actor of this writer's acquaintance refused to sign a protest condemning Frank Fay at the time of his celebrated clash with the Commies. The actor was working then for a well-known "liberal" producing outfit and had been promised a role in the group's next play. He was, incidentally, the only player in the show who refused to sign the demand that Fay be removed from his Equity post.

When casting time came around, he was firmly told that there was no chance for him in the new production. No reason was given, but some months later he learned from a friendly director that he had been turned down

solely because he had refused to support an obviously Red campaign.

A girl dancer in the cast of a hit musical was subjected to considerable dressing-room abuse by co-workers for a similar reason. Not only did she refuse to submit to political dictation, but committed the unpardonable sin of defending her religious beliefs when they were ridiculed. Only the closing of the show interfered with her plan to take the matter to the Equity Council.

Some shows are hotbeds of left-wing agitation backstage and the focus of comrade acclaim out front. The current *Death of a Salesman* is a good example. Producer Kermit Bloomgarden was a sponsor of the infamous Waldorf Culture Conference, listed as subversive by the Department of Justice; the play's author, Arthur Miller, has been associated with left-wing groups since before the success of his first play, *All My Sons*, in which he attacked the capitalist system with great fervor; director Elia Kazan has carried on a frank flirtation with the extreme left since his Group Theater days; the star, Lee J. Cobb, is notorious for his support of transmission-belt outfits; and the principal featured player, Arthur Kennedy, is another of the Waldorf Conference rooters.

It may be coincidence that so many of the boys got together in one production. But, to anyone who has been in theater work more than five minutes, the real reason is obvious.

**T**HIS September, Soviet culture propagandists sponsored a Continental Peace Conference in Mexico City. The gang was all there, and those who couldn't make it sent greetings and felicitations.

Eager to dance to the Kremlin polka were such reliables as Clifford Odets, most successful of the proletarian playwrights; Uta Hagen, who signs so many petitions and works for so many of the pet causes one wonders how she finds time to star in *A Streetcar Named Desire*; Katherine Dunham, self-styled expert of the West Indian dance cult; those three stalwarts of the Red front, Paul Robeson, Charlie Chaplin, and Donald Ogden Stewart; and the always-eager Dorothy Parker—she of the frayed wit.

The Waldorf razzle-dazzle produced a higher grade turnout. In fact that reunion brought together the full cast of Broadway's Red supporters, simpering onstage in the bright glare of the deep pink footlights. There was José Ferrer, who can always be depended on for support of the bigger projects; J. Edward Bromberg and Morris Carnovsky, two oldtime faithfuls; Lee



Mady Christians. Among the left-wing vigilantes

Cobb; Lillian Hellman; Rose Hobart; Stella Adler; Will Greer; Sam Wanamaker; Judy Holliday; Gale Sondergaard; Howard da Silva; and two highly publicized newcomers, Marlon and Jocelyn Brando. They are brother and sister, making rather remarkable progress in the theater; he as star of *A Streetcar Named Desire*, and she as the nurse in *Mr. Roberts*.

Producer Herman Shumlin, whose feud with the vehemently anti-Red Tallulah Bankhead is a Broadway legend, was also on hand. So were Garson Kanin, the producer-writer-director husband of Ruth Gordon; composers Marc Blitzstein and Morton Gould; Lynn Riggs, author of *Green Grow the Lilacs* on which *Oklahoma* was based; choreographers Helen Tamiris and Michael Loring; producer Victor Samrock, and designer Lee Simonson. All eagerly sponsored an affair that was never suspected of being anything more than a Communist clam-bake.

How are the Communists able to enlist the support of so many theater people? Actors are notoriously susceptible to flattery and to publicity. The comrades, keen judges of human nature, are also aware of the value of star names on letterheads and rally platforms. By cajolery and flattery they have succeeded in borrowing the services and the reputations of dozens in the make-believe world, many of whom should have the intelligence to know the Red technique by this time.

Actually a very small percentage of the names you see on the round-robin letters and the committee rosters are card-carrying Party members. Many are dupes who shudder at the mere thought of not being considered a "liberal." The Commies have capitalized on this modern bogey to the nth degree. Few



Gene Kelly. When the Reds protest, his name appears



of the committees organized to front for the Reds claim to be anything more than mildly radical. Actually, as Louis Budenz has pointed out, the dupes are really rated as dopes by those who pull the strings in Party headquarters.

"I'd never work again," one elderly actor told me, "if I ever came out and told those fellows off. They're all over the place, and they don't mind letting you know their power." That's a typical reaction from those who fear to speak out against a subtle form of terrorism and an unwritten blacklist being put to good use in the theater today. The bit players; the supporting actors, who remember when a man's political or religious beliefs were of no importance on Broadway; and the youngsters just starting the long climb to the top are the victims of this Capone approach. You just don't speak your mind about Communism on Broadway these days. At least, if you want to work, you don't.

Control of the theater is one of the prime ideological goals of Soviet infiltration. It is being approached from every conceivable angle. Latest pet project is the "laboratory" acting group in which young players and technicians get both their training and indoctrination at the same time. Unlike the sincere Little Theater groups, which attempt to foster a love of the drama on both sides of the footlights, many of these loft groups merely serve as sounding boards for embryonic playwrights and as reservoirs of strength for the future.

In the actor's union, Actor's Equity, a situation similar to that found in countless other organizations of workers and artisans still exists. Due to the apathy of the majority, which allows the cliques to take over and run things to suit themselves, various incidents have popped up in recent years to give the rank and file cause for concern.

The aggressive attitude of the extreme left minority has made any attempt to heal the breach caused by the clashes of the past almost impossible. The Fay incident caused a cleavage which will take years to mend. Actually the Reds in Equity—just as in other unions—have no desire to form a united front. Like their mentors on the international scene, they believe firmly in the "divide and conquer" adage.

When the Independent Committee of the Arts and Sciences merged with the Communist-inspired Progressive Citizens of America, it didn't leave many of the glamour dupes outside the fold—at least none of those whose names still had selling value. In the campaign to take over control of the

entertainment (and propaganda) field, the Party needs every prominent figure it can corral.

The list of those who have lent their prestige, their time, and their financial support to suspect causes is long. It is also a never-ending source of amazement to those who cannot quite understand how high-salaried and soft-living personages do everything in their power to speed the day when they become merely faceless forms in marching labor brigades. Perhaps they hope their present support of such a regime preserves special privileges in that utopia.

Is it any wonder that the starry-eyed newcomer falls victim to the Party line when faced with the galaxy of established names rounded up by the front organizations. Frederic March; Orson Welles; Florence Eldridge; Humphrey Bogart; Sylvia Sydney; Melvyn Douglas; Franchot Tone; Larry Parks; Danny Kaye; Walter Huston; Henry Fonda; Betty Garrett; Alfred Drake, star of *Kiss Me Kate*; Eddie Cantor; Larry Adler and Paul Draper, now suing a Connecticut woman because she scanned their records and called them pro-Communist; Katherine Hepburn; Judy Garland; Canada Lee; Lena Horne; Marsha Hunt; Myron McCormick of *South Pacific*; those vigilantes of the left-wing—Philip Loeb, Aline MacMahon, Sam Jaffe, and Mady Christians; Lionel Stander; Elmer Rice; Cheryl Crawford, producer of *Brigadoon*; Margaret Webster; Ira Gershwin; Benny Goodman; Artie Shaw; George Coulouris; Edward Chodorov; Moss Hart; and others too numerous and unimportant to mention.

The real tragedy lies in the fact that the youngster coming to Broadway today is not fully equipped to counteract the lies, the propaganda, and the distortions of the smooth-talking salesmen of subversion. Many have not had more than a casual acquaintance with religious training; others already have fallen under the influence of profes-

sors who are themselves victims of the Red deceit, while the rest play along with the Commie crowd for whatever material advantage it may bring.

"All the fun has gone out of the theater," said producer Arthur Hopkins not so long ago. In more ways than one he is correct. The "new" theater of today is often more grim than gay, content to serve as a mouthpiece for the reactionaries of the left.

Many of the Communist-inspired plays are hits, not because audiences willingly support such trash but because the Red message is cleverly concealed. Top stars are often induced to appear in shows penned, primarily to further the Moscow line, by playwrights skilled in the technique of diluting propaganda with glossy superficialities.

There are producers, stars, and dramatists in the theater today who are fighting the Red element and are determined to give audiences the sort of entertainment they seek. This group is still in the majority, but gradually, persistently, and cleverly the left-wing tribe is making progress toward domination of the theater.

Unlike the lilies of the field, the comrades are hard at work. They toil and spin, continually forming new committees, backing new causes to aid this or suppress that. They have little difficulty in gathering dupes to flutter around the red flame.

At what point they can, or will, be stopped is difficult to say. It certainly won't come before the straight-thinking elements in the theater roll up their sleeves and start to eliminate the Party pixies. Nor before audiences decide to end their support of plays and players foolish enough to provide the Commies with window dressing and glamour.

Perhaps we must return to the Christian concept of the drama and toss out the pseudo liberalism and strident secularism which have combined to lay the groundwork for Communist progress in the theater.

### On Guard!

▲ A gentleman from Kentucky was spending a few weeks with friends in New York and was the honored guest at several parties. Bourbon seemed to be the Southerner's favorite drink, and one of the other guests noticed that the visitor always closed his eyes when he drank. He ventured to ask the reason.

"Well, suh," drawled the Southern gentleman, "when Ah see good likkah, mah mouth watahs—and Ah do not wish to dilute mah drinks."



—Harry C. Feeney

# The Squealer

Clyde was ashamed of his father—until he learned that honor is more precious than popularity

ILLUSTRATED BY DOM LUPO

ALL morning the knot in Clyde's stomach had been getting tighter. Now, as the bell rang for recess, he was almost too sick to stand.

He could expect no protection from Miss Everard. She had been teaching school in Westham only a few weeks and; not being a Cape Codder, would never understand the shame of what his father had done. She couldn't handle the bigger kids anyway, even in class.

When Joe Wallen and Red Morse hurried to get out ahead of him, Clyde knew what would happen. There was nothing he could do to prevent it. He didn't blame them. He just wished they would let him say something first. Let him explain how he felt.

He tried. Forcing himself across the hard-packed earth of the schoolyard to the edge of the road where they stood, he said, "Joe, wait. You don't have to hate me for what my dad did! I'm not to blame . . ."

It wasn't any good. Joe's father, Steve Wallen, was one of those who'd got caught and would have to pay a fine—might even be put in jail, just as if illegal quahauging was a real crime. Joe came toward him slowly, with clenched hands. Red Morse stepped behind him to block his escape. Joe drove a fist into his stomach.

Clyde fell, covering his face with his hands. He was only eleven, not big enough to stand up to a boy two grades ahead of him. They kicked him, forcing small, wet sobs out of his thin body, through the hot fingers squeezed against his face. Maybe they meant to kill him.

He heard a harsh, husky voice, and the kicking stopped. He dared to look up. Pete Mario, whose father was a tonger from the fishing village, was crowding Joe back, saying, "Let him alone. Pick on someone your size." His dark Portygee face was hard with anger.

Joe Wallen backed away. He was as big as Pete but afraid of him.

"Let him alone," Pete said again. Then, bending over Clyde, he said, "Come on, kid, get up."

"You keep away from me!" Clyde sobbed.

Pete Mario's tar-black eyes flickered with surprise. He stepped back. Unaided, Clyde got up and limped past to the road.

Joe Wallen called out, "Your father will get what's comin' to him, too, when my pa gets home! Squealer!"

"Yaaah, squealer!" Red Morse yelled.

Clyde limped down the road without looking back.

If he had never really loved his father it wouldn't be so awful now, he supposed. At least, he wouldn't feel as if the end of the world had come. But he had always believed, blindly, that his father was the wisest man on the whole of Cape Cod. Maybe in the whole world.

Now he was all mixed up.

His father, Jeff Dickson, owned a forty-foot shellfish boat, the "Julia," that had been named for Clyde's mother. In her he worked the bay with Steve Wallen, Everett Morse, and the rest of the dredgers. The men were good friends. Their wives visited back and forth and sometimes even went to Boston together to shop. Their kids were like children of one big family, in school and out.

If his father had squealed on some of the hand-tongers who lived in the fishing village, Clyde could have understood it better. No one had much to do with the village men—the only boats they owned were dinghies, and they worked in shallow water, with tongs and bullrakes. They had their own shellfish grounds, where the law said the powerboats mustn't go.

That was the cause of the trouble. Some of the powerboat men had been dredging for quahaugs where the law said they shouldn't, and Clyde's father had said it was wrong. The men doing it were his own best friends, but he had threatened to tell on them if they

didn't quit. They hadn't quit, and he'd kept his word.

Now those who had been caught by the wardens were in trouble and hated Jeff Dickson bitterly. And their kids hated Clyde because he was Jeff's son.

Before turning up the path home, Clyde stopped to pound some of the schoolyard dirt from his clothes. His eyes were dry now and he was angry. He picked up a stick and slashed at the glossy, red-gold leaves of the blueberry bushes beside the path.

A rabbit leaped from a thicket of bull briars ahead and froze to blink at him. Clyde hurled the stick. When he missed, he swore the worst oath he could think of.

He didn't often swear. His father was not a swearing man. But he was not trying to be like his father now; he was ashamed. If the kids would ever let him, he would tell them how ashamed he was. Nobody could be proud of having a squealer for a father.

At the foot of the back steps he paused a moment. Then defiantly, with lips tight-pressed, he opened the door and marched into the kitchen.

His mother said nothing at first—just stood by the stove and looked at him. She was a small, pretty woman with a habit of doing things briskly, but now her movements were slow. Closing the door, she took Clyde's arm and drew him to a chair beside the kitchen table, then sat and stared at him. Stared at his tear-stained face, the torn sleeve of his sweater, the hole in his trouser knee. At last, quietly, she said, "Clyde, what happened?"

By the time he had finished telling her, her lips had become thin and white. But all she said was, "I see."

"I don't blame them for hating me!" he said. "I'd feel the same way if I was them!"

His mother usually corrected his mistakes in grammar—she had been a

schoolteacher in Chatham before Jeff Dickson married her. Now, though, she said, "Clyde, listen to me. Sit down."

Then she talked—and because she didn't usually talk to him that way,

by

## HUGH B. CAVE

neglecting her work to give him all her attention, it was important.

"Your father was only trying to prevent trouble," she said. "Would you want the village people to go hungry just because of a few selfish powerboat men?"

Clyde, squirming, frowned at the floor.

"Right now the men are angry with your father, and the children think they hate you," his mother said. "But he did the right thing, and in time they'll come to see it. Think what might

have happened, Clyde, if the dredgers had *not* been stopped."

"What might've happened?"

His mother shook her head and sighed, as if she supposed he was too young to understand. "Perhaps your dad will explain," she said. "Go and wash now, and we'll go in to town. You needed some new clothes anyway." She turned away.

Suddenly, though, she turned back again. "No. We'll go the way you are."

"Like *this*?" Clyde gasped. His mother was terribly particular about such things.

"The way you are," she repeated firmly.

They walked into town and got there about half past eleven, and of course at that hour, on a Monday, no kids were around. Clyde felt conspicuous.

His mother took him into Nickerson's Dry Goods Store and bought him a pair of corduroy trousers and a brown

sweater, which took a long time because she had to inspect and feel ever so many garments before making up her mind. She charged them and said to old Mr. Nickerson, "My husband will come in tomorrow to pay for them."

All the time he was waiting on them, Mr. Nickerson kept looking at Clyde and frowning, as if it puzzled him to see Clyde so untidy. At last he said, "Young man, you look as if you'd been climbing trees."

Clyde did not know how to answer. His mother said calmly, "Those are marks of valor. He has been defending the family honor."

"He's young for it, I should think," Mr. Nickerson said, frowning as he handed Clyde the box. "But not too young, perhaps. Training shows at a time like this." He laid his hand on Clyde's shoulder for a second, and nodded, but said no more.

Outside, Clyde's mother said, "You



"Then a hand fell on Clyde's arm and he remembered where he was."



see? Not everyone condemns your father!"

Clyde, though, was not sure he understood. "What'd he mean about training? What training?"

"You remember Rusty, don't you?" Rusty was a part Irish setter his father had bought for him when he was seven. "Remember what your father told you when he was run over? That if you had taught him properly, it wouldn't have happened?"

"I did teach him," Clyde said stubbornly. He knew it must be important, the thing his mother was trying to tell him, because she almost never mentioned Rusty. He had loved the dog.

"You taught him, but not well enough," his mother said, taking short steps so he could pay attention and still keep up with her. "You taught him to stay out of the road, but when he took after the rabbit that day, he forgot. The only training that counts is the kind you can depend on in a crisis."

Clyde didn't argue. His mother was a smart woman or she couldn't have been a schoolteacher, but she just didn't understand how mean he felt because of what his father had done. If she had brought him to Westham in his torn clothes to make people feel sorry for what had happened to him, it wouldn't work and he didn't want it to. What did she mean about defending the family honor, anyway? That was a crazy thing to say after the way his father had acted.

He didn't go into the post office with her but sat on the gray concrete steps to wait. While she was inside, Mrs. Wallen crossed the street. Mrs. Wallen was Joe Wallen's mother and one of Clyde's mother's good friends. They sometimes went to Boston together.

She saw him but went past without speaking, and Clyde turned his head to watch her climb the post office steps. His mother came out at that moment. The two women met face to face.

His mother smiled and said, "Hello, Ellen."

Mrs. Wallen went into the post office without saying a word.

"See?" Clyde said miserably when his mother reached him. "Not everybody thinks Dad did right."

**H**IS mother didn't answer, and her face was almost dead white as they crossed the street. But on the opposite sidewalk she stopped and looked at him. "The only important thing," she said, "is what you and I think."

The rest of the way home she was silent.

Clyde's father was sitting at the kitchen table when they opened the door. He must have just come home—

he still wore his cap and brown leather jacket. He sat with his shoulders bent and his hands clasped on the table, a big man with cool blue eyes and unruly brown hair and rough, weathered features. He looked tired and unhappy.

"Jeff," Clyde's mother said anxiously, "is something wrong?"

"No, I guess not," he said.

"But it's only noon."

"I thought I wouldn't go out today," Jeff said.

Clyde's mother looked at him in a worried way, as if she wanted to ask more questions but didn't think she ought to. She took her coat and hat off and began to get dinner ready. While tying her apron, she said, "Clyde, open the package and show your father what we bought."

"Bought?" Jeff said. "You've been shopping?"

"The boy needed new clothes, Jeff. Look at him."

Jeff was looking. "What happened to you?" he asked slowly.

"I was in a fight."

"Oh."

"Joe Wallen and Red Morse . . ."

"Never mind now," Clyde's mother interrupted, frowning at him. "Show your father what we bought."

Clyde opened the box and took out the corduroy trousers and the sweater.

• We often see things not as they are, but as we are.

—GUIDEPOSTS

He knew he ought to be excited at having them, but he could think of nothing to say. He put them on the table for his father to look at.

Jeff looked at them and nodded. He said, "Julia—did you pay for these?"

"I said you'd be in tomorrow."

"I see." He stood up and went into the sitting room. Clyde thought his mother would follow, but she didn't; she only stood by the stove, looking puzzled and disturbed.

Nothing was said at dinner about the new clothes, or about Jeff's trouble with the powerboat men, but when Jeff had finished eating he got up and went to the chair on which Clyde's mother had laid the box from the store. He stood there staring down at the box.

"Julia," he said at last, "I'll have to take them back." He turned to face her. "The boat was smashed this morning. I'll need money for new engine parts. There'll be nothing coming in."

Clyde's mother took a deep breath and sat very still, her face dead white again, the way it had been at the post office. Then, quietly, she said, "I'll take them back tomorrow."

Clyde had to go to school the following day. His mother made him. She didn't go with him to speak to Miss Everard, either; he had to do his own explaining. All his mother said was, "You're a big boy. You should know how to act."

He told Miss Everard he had hurt himself playing at recess, and showed her his mended sweater and the patch on his trousers to prove it. "I fell," he said, "and had to go home."

**P**ERHAPS that was why Joe Wallen and Red Morse, instead of pushing him around again, looked at him in a puzzled way and left him alone. Why, when he approached them in the schoolyard at recess the next day, they listened.

"I can't help what my father did," Clyde said belligerently. "I didn't ask him to go and squeal, did I?"

"He'll get what's coming to him," Joe said.

"I don't care!"

"And so will Pete Mario," Joe promised, turning to glare across the yard at Pete and another village boy, sitting on the ground with their backs against the school building. "The nerve of him, actin' like he owned the yard! He'll find out!"

Clyde was silent, but he was glad he had not allowed Pete Mario to help him after Joe and Red had knocked him down. He didn't know just why Pete had tried to be friendly, but probably it was only because his father, in getting Steve Wallen and the other dredgers arrested, had become a hero, kind of, to the hand-tongers. Clyde didn't want any favors from village kids. It would only make Joe and Red hate him more.

Lots of times that week he wondered what his father was thinking, but it was impossible to tell. Nothing was said at home about what had happened; at least, not in Clyde's presence. His father worked on the boat every day, getting home after dark and eating supper in silence and usually going to bed soon afterward. His mother sewed every evening. She made a dress for Mrs. Nickerson and got paid for it.

One thing Clyde was sure of—his father would not be allowed to use the boat even after it was repaired. Steve Wallen had said so. Steve was back in Westham after paying his fine, telling everyone that Jeff Dickson might as well pack up and get out of town for good. He said if Jeff tried to use the "Julia" again, he would burn her.

Clyde did not know what to think, and when he asked his mother she was no help. "Move?" she said. "Why should we?"

"Everybody says . . ."

"Everybody" is a big word with small meaning," his mother said. "We are not going to move." But she was worried, Clyde was certain.

At school it was almost as bad. Joe and Red no longer hated him, but they never let him forget what his father had done. They said things all the time, and the only way he could answer was by repeating stubbornly, "I don't care, I tell you. It wasn't *me* that squealed!"

"A good thing for you it wasn't," Joe would retort. "Or you'd get what Pete Mario's going to get!"

That affair came to a head on Saturday. Just what happened—really happened—Clyde was not able to find out, but Monday, in school, Joe Wallen's face was puffed and discolored. He had been on his way to town Saturday afternoon, he said, not looking for trouble but minding his own business, when Pete Mario and some of the village kids had piled on him.

"Now he *will* get what's coming to him!" Joe said.

Clyde wondered if Joe had picked a fight with Pete and been licked, and had invented this other story to cover up the truth. But what Clyde thought didn't matter. Red Morse and the other kids believed Joe's story, and before Monday was over they had decided how to get even.

They were going down to the village Wednesday night and set fire to Pete Mario's house. If Joe's father could burn Jeff Dickson's boat, they could burn Pete's house. Wednesday was a kind of Portuguese holiday, and in the evening the Marios and most of the other villagers would be going to a place in town where the Portygee people had parties.

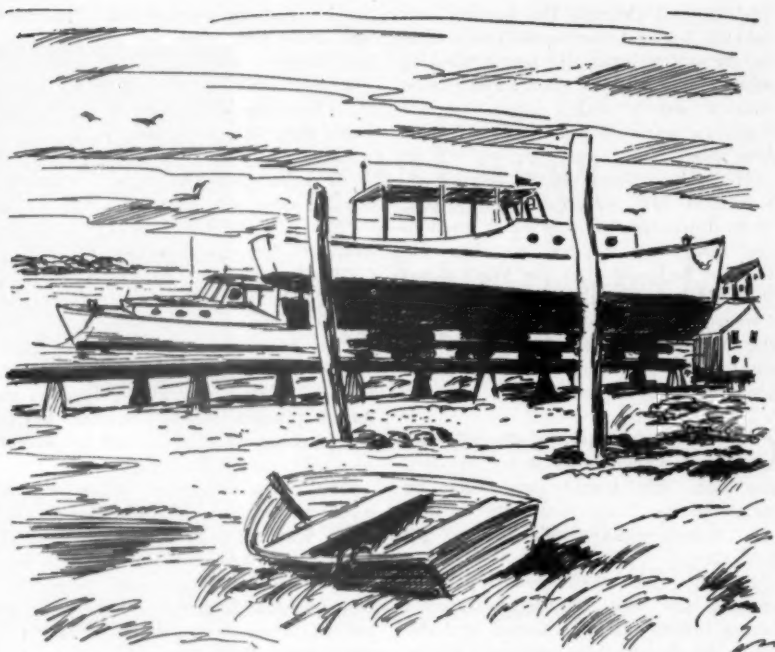
Joe Wallen took Clyde aside and grabbed the front of his sweater. "You squeal," he said, "and you'll wish you hadn't!"

Clyde was frightened. "I'm not a squealer!" he insisted.

"You better not be," Joe said ominously. "Because if anyone does squeal, we'll know who did it."

Clyde had all of Tuesday and Wednesday to think about what they were going to do. He told himself it was none of his business. He wouldn't even be there to see what happened. And he didn't owe Pete anything for trying to be friendly that day in the schoolyard, because Pete wouldn't have been friendly if the dredgers hadn't been arrested.

Tuesday evening, though, Clyde's mother asked what was wrong, and that frightened him. He had been trying desperately to hide the fact that *anything* was wrong. "You're so fidgety



*The "Julia" had been named for Clyde's mother*

you make me nervous," his mother said.

"I guess I don't feel good."

"You hardly touched your supper. Are you sick?"

Clyde went and got a book to read, but it was hard to fool his mother. Every little while she stopped sewing and looked at him. Once she frowned across the room at his father, as if she wondered whether something had happened to Jeff—something Clyde knew about—that both were keeping from her.

**T**HAT night he dreamed about Pete Mario's house burning. It was not a real dream—just a picture that came into his mind as he was falling asleep after hours of squirming. He sat up in bed trembling, his pajamas clammy.

His mother said at breakfast, "You don't look right, Clyde. I wish I knew what was the matter."

"Nothing's the matter," he told her.

"Well . . . go along to school then. If you're sure."

This was Wednesday, the day it would happen. He could think of nothing else. When Miss Everard called on him to read, he had lost the page. In spelling he failed on a simple word.

At recess he avoided Joe Wallen and his companions—they were at the far end of the yard, no doubt discussing plans for their revenge. He was careful to stay away from the village kids, too. It was safer not to talk to anyone.

He had to stay after school to do

his arithmetic over, and Joe and Red were gone when Miss Everard dismissed him. But when he got home and explained why he was late, his mother made him undress and go to bed.

"I shouldn't have let you out this morning," she said. "I knew something wasn't right. Now you rest. You've been upset lately. It's made you ill."

Maybe that was it. Maybe he was sick.

After he had climbed into bed and drunk the milk his mother brought, he tried to sleep. But he was still awake when his father came home, soon after the room darkened. He heard his mother getting supper ready, and his father talking to her in the kitchen.

"There'll be trouble," his father said. "They're determined to defy the law again."

"Again? After all that's happened?" His mother's voice sounded tired and discouraged. "When, Jeff?"

"I don't know when."

She came to the door of Clyde's room presently and, standing outside, said softly, "Clyde, are you awake? Do you want some supper?" He didn't answer. And when she came in an hour or so later, to bend over the bed and look at him, he pretended to be asleep.

He knew by then what he had to do. He had to go to the village. *He* had to go, not his father; his father was in trouble enough already.

They didn't hear him go. He dressed in the dark, opened his door noiselessly

and slipped through the kitchen, not making a sound that would reach them in the sitting room. He began running when he reached the road. Exactly what time it was he didn't know, but the night air was cold and the wind made him shiver.

When he turned off the main highway near Mr. Nickerson's house and went down the winding black road to the shore, he stopped running. He thought he knew what Joe Wallen and Red Morse would do; they would hide somewhere along the road and wait for the Marios to come by. They would want to be sure of the Marios before sneaking into the village.

**C**LYDE walked slowly, peering into the darkness ahead. If Joe and Red saw him, they would guess what he meant to do. They would try to stop him. Somehow he would have to get past them.

But no one challenged him. He reached the first of the fishermen's houses before hearing a sound, and the voices he heard then were at the far end of the village near the water's edge. A lot of people were gathered there, moving about restlessly. Angry shouts boomed like thunder out of a deep, uneasy murmuring.

Clyde hesitated. Pete Mario's house, near by to his right, was dark. Only a few of the houses had lights in them. But some of the men at the water's edge had flashlights, and the glare of them kept washing over things. Clyde saw angry Portuguese faces, some of which he recognized. He saw a boat that had been run into shallow water and was leaning over on one side—a powerboat like his father's "Julia," only it wasn't the "Julia"; it looked like Steve Wallen's "Starfish." He thought he saw Everett Morse, too, but the light swept the man's face too quickly.

Then a hand fell on Clyde's arm and he remembered where he was. With a gasp of fright he pulled free and turned to run. His father's anxious voice stopped him.

"What is it, Clyde? What's the matter?"

Clyde stopped shivering. He hadn't heard his father come down the road; he'd been too busy trying to find out what was happening in the village. Getting his breath back, he said guiltily, "I—I had to come down here."

"Why, Clyde?"

"I—had to."

Jeff stood beside him and watched what was going on in the village. After a while he said, "You should have told us, son. If Mr. Nickerson hadn't seen you go tearing past his house, we might not have missed you till real late. Then

we'd have been worried sick." His voice was cross, but when he put his hand on Clyde's arm again, it softened. "What's troubling you? Tell me."

"They—the kids—they're going to burn Pete Mario's house."

"What?"

"They're going to burn his house! To get even with him!"

"You came down here to warn the Marios?" Jeff said, frowning.

"Well—yes."

"Is Pete Mario a special friend of yours? I didn't know he was."

"He—he isn't."

Still scowling, Jeff took hold of Clyde's hand. "Something seems to have happened already," he said. "You'd better come with me." And he strode forward.

The murmuring died down as Jeff reached the knot of men at the water's edge. Some of the men even stepped aside to let him through—perhaps because Clyde was with him, wide-eyed and frightened, perhaps only because Jeff was a big, quiet man who was not frightened. Pete Mario's father saw them and nodded. "Jeff," he said, "I wish you'd come sooner."

The boat was Steve Wallen's. Steve himself was there too, lying on a dark, stained blanket on the sand. A thin, white-haired man, Dr. Arbuster, knelt beside him doing things to his face, and Ellen Wallen, Steve's wife, stood watch-

ing, crying a little. Most of the men looking on were villagers. But Everett Morse and another powerboat man sat on a mound of shells near by, staring at the ocean.

**P**ETE MARIO'S father said, "I'm sorry it had to happen, Jeff. But we warned them we'd be ready if they raided us again."

Jeff only nodded. He stepped forward to look at the man on the blanket, and after a while the doctor glanced up at him. Jeff didn't ask any questions, but the doctor said with a shrug, "He'll recover—after a few weeks on his back, to think it over. Whoever thrashed him did a thorough job. I only hope it knocked some sense into him."

Jeff looked at Steve Wallen's wife, "Ellen," he said, "I'm sorry this happened."

She stopped crying. "It wouldn't have happened if they'd listened to you!" she said fiercely.

Clyde was puzzled. "Mrs. Wallen," he faltered, "don't you hate us, too? When my mother spoke to you at the post office, you . . ."

"Now Clyde," his father said, "that's past. Forget it." He turned to Dr. Arbuster again. "Doc, can he be moved, do you think? Can we get him home?"

"With a stretcher, if you can find one," the doctor said.

"We'll rig one up."

There was no way Clyde could help. Jeff went off with Pete Mario's father and presently they returned with a stretcher made of two oars and some blankets. Then Jeff went over to Everett Morse and spoke to him, and Everett and the other dredger got up. Clyde was more bewildered than ever. It seemed that, in spite of everything, Jeff was the man all the others looked to. They did what he told them. And the angry voices had all died out.

It was not until Steve had been laid on the stretcher that Clyde remembered and went up to Pete Mario's father. He didn't have time to be scared. "Mr. Mario," he blurted, "I have to tell you . . ."

"Now Clyde," his father said, "I don't believe you need worry about that. You go on home."

"But the kids . . ."

"You go home and tell your mother Ellen Wallen has need of her."

Clyde stepped back. Maybe his father was right—maybe there wouldn't be any more trouble. He watched while the men picked up the stretcher.

Jeff turned his head. "Clyde . . ."

"I'm going," Clyde said.

"You tell your mother why you came down here tonight, too," Jeff said. "Don't forget now—you tell her."



## Word to the Wise

▲ A well-known concern which puts out various toilet articles recently conducted a contest to obtain a slogan for their toilet soap and perfume. At the appointed time the judges gathered around a large desk on which were stacked piles of entries. One of the men selected an entry at random, glanced at it, then read it aloud to the other judges. The slogan was:

"If you don't use our soap, for goodness' sake use our perfume!"

—Florence Mann





# Weakness and Strength

by **HILARY SWEENEY, C.P.**

**The tempted, the discouraged,  
and the burdened of heart find the  
source of their strength in  
the prayer of Our Saviour in the  
shadows of Gethsemani**

**P**RAYER is not like a raffle ticket. It is not a chance you take, hoping that God will "come through." And yet, so many people there are who seem to turn to prayer only as a last resort, or who, after praying for a while, give it up because God does not seem to answer them.

Giving up prayer is but an admission that we have misunderstood what prayer really is. To give up prayer is, in the thought of Jesus Christ, to lose heart, for He has said we "ought always pray and not lose heart" (Luke 18:1).

Obviously, therefore, there is a connection between fortitude and prayer. This connection is brought out very well by our Saviour in Gethsemani.

A nameless sadness begins to fill the soul of Christ in the Cenacle, when, having predicted His betrayal by an intimate friend, He tells the Apostles that they will all be scandalized on His account within a matter of hours. At Peter's violent remonstrance that he, at least, will not be scandalized, Jesus tells Peter that, as a matter of fact, he will deny His Master three times.

Then, rising from the supper table, as if there were no time to lose, our Saviour leaves the Cenacle, followed by His companions, and passes out into

the night. Making His way through the city's dark streets, Jesus leaves Jerusalem by the Fountain Gate. After a short up-hill climb, He crosses the Brook Cedron and arrives at a private garden where He was accustomed to pray.

"But when He was at the place, He said to them: 'Pray, that you may not enter into temptation.' And He Himself withdrew from them about a stone's throw, and, kneeling down, He began to pray, saying, 'Father, if Thou art willing, remove this cup from Me; yet not My Will but Thine be done' (Luke 22:40-42).

Three times Jesus returns to the group to rouse them from sleep, reminding them: "The spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak" (Matt. 26:41). How weak even the flesh of the Son of God was, and how terrible the trial that oppressed His soul is amply attested by what followed:

"And there appeared to Him an angel from heaven to strengthen Him. And, falling into an agony, He prayed the more earnestly. And His sweat became as drops of blood running down upon the ground" (Luke 22:43-44).

He refers to the ordeal before Him

as a cup which He must drain to the last bitter dregs. So distasteful to His human nature is the prospect of disgrace, pain, and death, so unbearable the thought that all these sufferings will be wasted on so many souls, that three times He begs His Father to remove this cup, this ordeal, if so it be conformable to the Divine Will. Even in the midst of extreme anguish, Jesus has recourse to prayer. And in His anguish He admonishes His disciples to pray.

We would do well to notice that the height of His sufferings is reached *after* the angel comes to strengthen Him. It is as if to teach us that not even the greatest of created agencies can fortify the soul, for what Christ does not find in the angel's visit He finds in prayer.

And this is the lesson He would have us learn: that prayer is our strength. And if we are not strong spiritually, it is because, having given up prayer, we have lost heart. Paradoxically, prayer, which is an appeal for help and so a confession of weakness, is the very thing that strengthens man. Perhaps that is why St. Paul, the master of paradox, expressed himself in this wise: "When I am weak, then I am strong" (2 Cor. 12:10). For the Apostle had it from Christ Himself, when, having thrice be-

# EAGLE'S BREAST

by SISTER MARY BERNETTA, O.S.F.

*For something gold that tarnished,  
For something young that died,  
For something trapped that struggled free  
My soul's voice cried.*

*And yet the loss was final,  
The emptiness unfilled.  
One cannot warm the eagle's breast  
Long, long stilled.*

sought the Lord to remove an affliction from him, the Saint received his answer in those wonderful words: "My grace is sufficient for thee, for strength is made perfect in weakness" (2 Cor. 12:9).

It is important for us to know the source of our weakness, for only then may we know the source of our strength.

The source of our weakness is, in the first place, our nature, insofar as it is the nature of a creature. For nature, unaided by the grace of God, cannot perform the least act that will merit salvation. For our salvation is a thing above and beyond the power of mere nature to obtain.

In the second place, the source of our weakness is sin. So deeply has sin wounded our nature that even those who enjoy sanctifying grace are unable, for any considerable time, to remain in that state without a special help from God called "actual grace."

Finally, the source of our weakness lies in the unequal contest that besets each of us in our efforts to save our immortal souls. Of this contest St. Paul admonishes us, when he says:

"... our wrestling is not against flesh and blood, but against the Principalities and the Powers, against the world-rulers of this darkness, against the spiritual forces of wickedness on high. Therefore take up the armor of God, that you may be able to resist in the evil day, and stand in all things perfect" (Eph. 6:12-13).

The Apostle immediately lists the armor of the Christian soldier, which comprises all those virtues and gifts which we receive at Baptism and which, if lost by serious sin, are regained in the Sacrament of Penance.

But a soldier equipped for battle has not yet begun to fight. So the saint goes on to tell us how we are to fight.

"With all prayer and supplication, pray at all times in the Spirit and therein be vigilant in all perseverance and supplication" (Eph. 6:18).

It is from prayer, then, that the Christian really draws his strength. But how is it that prayer obtains for us that

strength which our nature or the nature of the greatest creatures cannot obtain for us? How is it that prayer obtains that strength which even sanctifying grace cannot assure? The answer is as important as it is simple.

Our nature, as creatures, is infinitely beneath our goal. It is infinitely easier for a stone to be a man than it is for a man to be the friend of God, the son of God, a joint heir with Christ (Rom. 8:16) of the Kingdom of God. For a stone and a man have this in common, at least, that they are both creatures, whereas the difference between a mere man and a man who is a friend of God is the difference between what is natural and what is supernatural. No common genus shares these terms, for the supernatural is a gratuitous and absolutely undeserved compliment of the creature.

**I**F, indeed, man be elevated to the friendship and sonship of God by the freely bestowed principle of supernatural life, called "sanctifying grace," such a man shares, it is true, the *nature* of God (Pet. 1:4), but not the *power* of God. We participate in this power by "actual grace." And this actual grace, which we need so much, even to remain in sanctifying grace, is given only on condition that we pray for it. This is a truth insisted upon by our Saviour. "Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and you shall find; knock, and it shall be opened to you" (Matt. 7:7). So, in the Cenacle, just before leaving for Gethsemani, Jesus solemnly declared:

"Amen, amen, I say to you, if you ask the Father anything in My name, He will give it to you. Hitherto you have not asked anything in My name. Ask and you shall receive, that your joy may be full" (John 16:23-24).

No other condition has been placed upon the reception of actual grace but the asking of it in Christ's name. But the condition is a real one. Often, indeed, we ask but seldom in the name of Christ. For "not everyone who says to Me, 'Lord, Lord,' shall enter the

kingdom of heaven; but he who does the will of My Father in heaven shall enter the kingdom of heaven" (Matt. 7:21).

Now, what is it to ask in the name of Christ? Is it simply to appeal to the influence Christ has with His Father? It is that, surely, but it is something more. It is to ask after the manner of Christ, with the dispositions of Christ. And this manner? These dispositions? "... Father ... not what I will, but what thou wilt" (Mark 14:36).

No wonder, then, that our Saviour said: "We ought always to pray and not lose heart." No wonder that He, in His most solemn hour, gave us the example of prayer, by which alone He fortified His human nature:

Prayer it is that makes us strong, for prayer infallibly obtains the strength we need—we who are so weak.

St. Paul, taking stock of himself, saw his weakness. And any man who comes to know how really weak he is in the supernatural order, knows, with the Apostle, wherein lies his strength.

But our trouble is just this: that we do not know how weak we are. We trust too much to ourselves or to those friends and influences which are no stronger than we are.

Not knowing the profound weakness of our nature—even when it is clad in the armor of sanctifying grace and all the virtues—we enter an unequal contest with the angelic spirit who is Satan. And, in this contest for our immortal souls, we are our own worst enemies—for we do not know wherein lies our weakness and our strength.

To be strong, spiritually, we must persevere in prayer according to the dispositions of Christ. Only in this way will a person who is tempted obtain the strength he needs. For the Holy Council of Trent has declared:

"God does not command the impossible. But, when commanding anything, He admonishes us to do what we can, to pray for the grace we need, and then He gives us the grace to make us able."

This is an important truth for all of us, but especially for those who are tempted, for those who are discouraged, and for those who are burdened with the sorrows of life. It is especially important for young married people who, too humanly appraising their finances, are about to set upon a course of unnatural lust that will ruin everything that is sacred to their love.

So, then, to all who have failed to persevere in prayer, Jesus returns in spirit, as He did in the flesh one night long ago, His Sacred Body perspiring blood, and says: "Watch and pray, that you may not enter into temptation" (Matt. 26:41).

The field of psychiatry is being dominated by a  
small group of Freudians led by the Menninger brothers

# Thought Control— American Plan

by JOHN O'CONNOR

IN May, 1949, Montreal was the scene of as intense a battle as science has known. It was not fought in the test tubes and laboratories. It was fought behind the closed doors of a committee room. And, for the present, the attempt of a minority group to seize control of the principles and the processes of American psychiatry was defeated. Substantial psychiatrists, however, are voicing grave concern over the still-continuing drive of a group of Freudians to divorce psychiatry from medicine and exalt it into a "science." It would be a "science" which never publishes statistics of results, knows no laboratory "controls," and has no shred of proof in physiology that any of its premises are true.

Led by Drs. William C. Menninger and Karl Menninger, the Freudian group—sometimes called "The Young Turks"—is a picked cadre of one hundred and fifty psychiatrists known as the Group for the Advancement of Psychiatry or "GAP." All of them are members of the American Psychiatric Association; here they have steadily worked, from their disciplined position, for the control of the parent group and the ultimate domination of the 4,500 doctors who compose it.

The Menninger-led group acts quietly in its political moves, but it is not averse to taking every opportunity it can for publicity or propaganda to build up the reputation of individual members. It is a group with surprising access to government support. Its leaders draw on private and government funds. They have the backing of people of affluence and influence. They are the shock troops of Sigmund Freud, atheist and anti-Christian, in their ordered attack upon the mind and soul of man. The Freudians have

everything on their side except the natural law.

The story does not properly begin in Montreal, nor in the smoke-filled Chicago hotel room where the GAP was planned back in 1946, nor in the Menninger Clinic in Topeka, nor in the couch-and-confession chambers of the psychoanalysts. It began in Vienna

nearly two generations ago, when Sigmund Freud launched his research into the field of the mind, of the subconscious and the unconscious. Personally a strong atheist, the bearded Viennese experimentalist was a pupil of the notorious professional hypnotist, Jean Martin Charcot. After years of probing and theorizing, Freud came to



Top: Dr. C. F. Menninger, father of Drs. Karl and Will, of Menninger Clinic and Freudian fame



Center: Freud himself, inventor of the id, the ego, and the superego. His materialistic principles pervade much of modern psychiatric thought



Bottom: Dr. Karl Menninger, who is constantly in the public eye, authored "The Human Mind"

Acme and European photos



the conclusion that the mind is made up of three parts.

There is the id, which makes up most of man's prehistoric, primitive, I-must-have-it-now animal drives. The essence of the id is, "I want it now."

According to Freud, man develops the ego from the id; the ego has the function of securing gratification for our subjective needs from the outer world.

Finally, on the top layer of the Freudian cake is the superego, the source of "you must or you must not." This is a privately constructed conscience, created in early childhood. Most personality disorders, according to Freud, are caused by conflicts—conscious or unconscious—between brutally primitive desires (the id) and what you think is right (the superego). The ego is the scene of the conflict.

So Freud concluded. And so vanish—if you are to follow Freud-free will, obligation, duty, responsibility, and spiritual values. The id, the ego, and the superego take over, much in the manner of three faceless creatures from Mars suddenly chasing the Founding Fathers out of Independence Hall and squatting there, grunting and staring at each other in dumb, bestial manner.

Freud's attitude on religion is quickly pointed up with several references which should prove to be sufficient examples of his attitude. For instance:

"One can see where psychoanalysis leads us. The mask is fallen; it leads to the denial of God and of an ethical ideal. . . . If one can find a new argument against the truth of religion by applying the psychoanalytic method, so much the worse for religion." (From *The Future of an Illusion*.)

Or: "The whole religious idea is patently futile, so incongruous with reality, that, to one whose attitude to humanity is friendly, it is painful to think that the whole majority of mortals will never be able to rise above this view of life." (From *Civilization and Its Discontents*.)

SO much for Freud, whose philosophical views have been accepted by Dr. Karl Menninger, one of the chief psychiatrists in the public eye in this country. In his widely sold, popular book, *The Human Mind*, Dr. Karl calls religion "a creation of the human mind in the direction of finding a substitute for the protective function of the parents." He boldly identified asceticism and martyrdom with "components of a destructive urge . . . apparently identical with those we found to determine actual suicide. . . ." And, in *Love Against Hate*, he writes: "I see no reason why we should regard the nature of God as any more sublime or

dignified than the nature of a mother's womb. I will go further and say that philosophically I doubt if there is any difference."

Dr. William Menninger, the psychiatrist to the late James V. Forrestal, is the polished, anecdote-and-lobby-wise brother of Dr. Karl. A former Brigadier General in the Army during the recent war, he is a man who apparently knows the channels and passageways of Washington politics and cocktail parties, just as his brother knows his Freud. Head of the Menninger Foundation (it was once the Menninger Clinic, until, perhaps, the bug of ambition bit deeply), he is also immediate past president of the American Psychiatric Association (by an election in which only 7 per cent of the members voted); chairman of our old friend, G.A.P.; president of the American Psychoanalytic Association; and president of the Central



Erving Galloway

An electro-encephograph chart  
being made of a patient's brain

Neuropsychiatric Association. In addition to all this, he has testified, to the good of the Foundation, at various hearings regarding mental health and research. On Sunday he rests.

Thus Freud and thus Dr. Will and Dr. Karl.

Despite the many positions which both the Menningers hold, the Menninger Foundation, (whose name has the sound of a huge plant and which gets more publicity than the Mayo Clinic,) has hospital accommodations for only sixty adults and twenty-five children. Yet the staff includes forty-one physicians and an over-all total of 341 professional, clerical, and maintenance personnel. It is pointed out that thousands of "outpatients" have been treated at the Foundation, but the fact remains that the eighty-five bed hospital has received publicity far in

excess of many larger institutions which far outnumber it in beds, specialists, and research.

This can partially be explained by the fact that both William and Karl Menninger have been prolific writers and lecturers. Dr. Karl has written the delectable works mentioned above. Three new books by Dr. Will have been issued recently: *Psychiatry: Its Evolution and Present Status*; *Psychiatry in a Troubled World*; and *You and Psychiatry*, a popular work for mass consumption. To insure its appeal to Americans, Dr. Will was assisted in this work by Munro Leaf, who has also written *Ferdinand the Bull*.

THE publicity that has accrued to the Menningers has been tremendous. Today they have expanded their influence even more. Karl Menninger (never in the Army in this war) was selected to be the first manager of the Winter General Hospital, a Veterans Administration project totaling some 1,400 beds and costing the taxpayers over eight million dollars. He was later replaced by a manager who is another Menninger man, and he has also been selected chairman of the Dean's Committee. The Winter General Hospital, operating directly out of the V.A. central office in Washington, has been set up as the chief psychiatric training center for the V.A. on the condition that the staff of the Menninger Foundation agree to teach and supervise the clinical program!

This was agreed on in 1945. Through the Foundation, the Winter General Hospital has at present over one hundred physicians taking residency training in psychiatry—more than any other hospital in the world and nearly three times as many as any other hospital in the United States. The government pays the Menningers tuition for each student doctor. Among the research activities at Winter are additional uses of hypnosis as a therapy—a familiar note in this section of psychiatry, for it was under a hypnotist that Freud began.

Most of the psychiatrists (if not all) who are teaching at the Veterans Hospital are supplied from the rolls of the Menninger Foundation. The courses offered are those that have "interrelationship with . . . other disciplines" such as anthropology, sociology—Freud being mentioned in the syllabus—social psychiatry and the allied fields.

Of particular note is the course on "The Interrelations of Psychiatry with Religion." States the Menninger catalogue:

"Attention is given to religious methods of handling human dynamics, relieving guilt stress, and strengthening the ego structure. The development of

the Bible and its place in subsequent cultures is surveyed. A brief analysis of the religious situation in America is made, including the beliefs and practices of deviant cults and sects. The role of religion as a critic of contemporary goals and practices is delineated and compared with the role of psychiatry as a critic of conventional moral training and its methods."

The government support and acceptance of the Freudian group as the arbiters in psychiatry has not been well-received in other psychiatric circles. When the Menningers set out to reorganize the A.P.A. their organized minority and their plans ran into considerable opposition—which was unorganized at the time. But it coalesced rapidly: a number of sound and reputable psychiatrists, and many other medical men, have become alarmed at the attempt of a minority to be the unauthorized spokesmen for an entire group. The G.A.P. is suspect now: the writer read one letter of a prominent psychiatrist who said that he would never join the organization and that he wished to inform the Menningers that he regarded their domination of the G.A.P. as a threat to the entire science. Such protests are becoming frequent.

Yet the successful and ominous advance of the central group, or G.A.P., can be illustrated briefly. (Bear in mind that G.A.P. is largely Freudian and atheistic and that it is the central cadre of the A.P.A., the American Psychiatric Association.)

Of all the officers of the A.P.A. in 1946, only one, the secretary-treasurer, was a member of G.A.P.

In 1947-48 the president-elect, the secretary, the treasurer, and six of the eleven councilors were members of the central body, G.A.P.

Now note the result of the most recent drive: In 1948-49 the president of A.P.A., the new president-elect, the secretary, the treasurer, nine of the twelve councilors, twenty of the thirty-one committee men, the entire executive committee, the medical director, and four of the five members of the all-important nominating committee are from the heart of the matter: the Group for the Advancement of Psychiatry—whose origin was in that Chicago hotel room less than four years ago!

**ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY** have thus, already, nearly seized control of a group of 4,500 physicians.

But they are not satisfied, even now. For in the reorganization plan of the American Psychiatric Association, put forward by Dr. Karl Menninger in

1948, there was exhibited what has been called as neat a "pattern of gerrymandering as was ever practiced by a Penrose or a Gerry slicing up their political area to their own benefit, for maximum effect and minimum opposition."

Not content to hold present office, the group apparently also wanted to shade future votes its own way, or so opponents charged. Some critics have suggested the plan was meant to be a precaution against a full vote on the part of all the psychiatrists: isolating voters by districts would solve it rather neatly.

The reorganization plan redrew the map of the United States. According to the proposals of Dr. Karl Menninger and the other planners, one psychiatrist in Topeka would have the same voting power as seven psychiatrists in New York! Alongside recognized states was to be an area called "the Topeka district"—it included Nebraska, a section of Missouri, and all Kansas. Maine, by this plan, was to be thrown into Canada for voting purposes.

The Committee for the Preservation of Medical Standards in Psychiatry—which opposes G.A.P.—revealed other future plans of the Freudians. One is to admit psychoanalysts who lack medical degrees. The plans of the G.A.P., the latter committee charges, have never been designed to encourage or to further scientific medical research—merely to promote the use of Freudian techniques. "Can it be," one opponent asked, "that we are to sell one single and unproven method of psychiatry to

• Prejudice is being down on what we are not up on.

—RACHEL DU BOIS

the public in a neatly packaged form as a matured product needing no further medical research?"

In September, Dr. Will came out in the open and told 1800 psychologists in Denver that he was in favor of non-medical care of mental ills, though he added "the probabilities are that the physician will never accept any non-medical individual who attempts to provide treatment for sick people without the safeguards provided through scientific medical knowledge."

When *Time* magazine gave Dr. Will Menninger a thirteen-column writeup (in addition to putting his portrait on the cover) a year ago, there were a number of psychiatrists who questioned the type and the amount of publicity given both the Foundation and its co-founder. Many asked if the Committee on Ethics within the A.P.A. had approved of this previous to its publication. It had not.

The Menningers were not slow to move when the issue of *Time* appeared. They immediately ordered thousands of reprints from the national news-weekly, including an expensive reproduction of the colored cover. And when Howard Rusk, the once-a-week medical pundit of the *New York Times*, ran a three-column article recently describing the "world-wide appeal" of the Menninger Foundation, the brothers again ordered thousands of reprints. With the implication that the *New York Times* had been besieged for reprints, the Menninger publicity office tacked this note on the bottom of the ones they ordered from the *Times*: "We have prepared these reprints for your information since the *New York Times* informs us that the originals are not available as the edition has been completely sold out."

**B**ESIDES leading a strong, active and vocal minority, the Menningers have also won the confidence of many government men who fail to see the differences in psychiatry and who apparently do not think that any power group would try to grasp a field of medicine. The willingness of G.A.P. members to come to the fore at all times for their viewpoint is reminiscent of the alacrity of a Communist picket line. When President Truman cut the two million dollar allotment of the Mental Health Act appropriation last February, an immediate hearing was asked. And the only men who appeared to ask for a reinstatement of the two million dollars were:

Dr. William C. Menninger, secretary of the Menninger Foundation; Dr. George S. Stevenson, director of the National Committee for Mental Hygiene—a group which recently awarded Dr. Will Menninger its "service prize"; Dr. Daniel Blaine, who, along with Dr. Stevenson, is a member of the G.A.P.; Dr. S. B. Wortis, a former member of G.A.P.; and Dr. Robert Felix, Deputy Surgeon General of the U. S. Public Health Service, who is in charge of psychiatry operations for that all-important unit and is, in effect, in charge of the distribution of funds. Dr. Felix is, or has been, a member of G.A.P. and was chairman of the Committee on Public Education.

Corporations and unions are often dragged before Congressional hearings in inquiries about interlocking affairs. But the Congress has yet to inquire into exactly how many members of the Advisory Board of the Public Health Service are members of the G.A.P. And conservative psychiatrists have also suggested that Congress weigh the question of appropriations being voted by

(Continued on Page 73)



*In Rome, Catholic youths protest against the slurs of the Communist Press*

*European photo*

**T**HE inevitable clash between religion and Communism has been heavily underlined within the last year in many parts of Moscow's ever enlarging empire. It should have been apparent to all religious bodies all over the world many years ago that the state, as developed in the Soviet Union and extended to the satellites, cannot endure any rivals in any field of human activity. The so-called People's Republic is sterner as a taskmaster than any Caesar known to history. It demands the unquestioning loyalty and obedience of all of its subjects. It demands constant service, lowly subservience, and even the prayers of those it rules by means of fear and terror.

Archbishop Josef Beran of Prague, in a pastoral letter, put the case squarely to the Catholics of his country when he pointed out that the choice lay between the conscience of man and the state. That is a choice, not only for Czech Catholics, but also for every man and woman in the world who adheres to Communism. The official attack upon the Church in Czecho-Slovakia, the Archbishop pointed out, "is aimed directly at the extermination of the Faith and contaminates the basic religious freedoms which are insured by the new constitution as well as by all human rights."

From the very nature of Communism it must seek to bring every institution in every land it controls under the

## NO OTHER GODS

**Communism is ruthlessly attacking religion, but it has met a courageous opponent in the Catholic Church**

**by HALLETT ABEND**

party yoke. Timid-minded Christians everywhere who cling to the hope that there is yet a chance for compromise will do well to remember that the ultimate Communist aim is to control every nation in the world. If that aim is ever achieved the edict will go forth: "Thou shalt have no other gods but me."

So far the free world has been a shocked spectator of this drama against freedom of worship in Russia, Yugoslavia, Hungary, Bulgaria, and Czecho-Slovakia. Now the Chinese Communists have begun persecution of Christian missionaries and Chinese Christians, and certainly the tale is as yet not half told.

The events in Czecho-Slovakia followed the familiar pattern. First "spontaneous resolutions" passed in factories, schools, and other institutions, demanding the arrest of leading churchmen.

Then at the trials the production of so-called evidence and affidavits prepared long in advance, while apostates were freely used for counterorganization and propaganda purposes.

Directives from the Politburo in Moscow itself told official circles that 1949 was the year selected for "mopping up" all recalcitrant clergy. In Russia itself the Komsomol, or Soviet Youth League, was the chosen weapon for much of the public activity. Nikolai A. Mikhailov, secretary-general of the youth organization, told the youth of the Soviet Union early in 1949 that their first duty was the fight against religious revival in Russia.

"In matters of religion," he declared, "the Komsomol cannot be neutral. It is the duty of the Komsomol to strive for the advancement of science, and any religion is in direct conflict with science."

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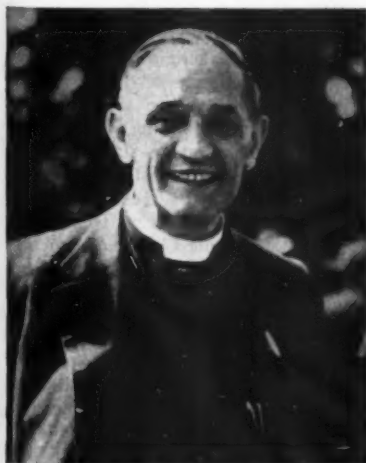
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A secret Cominform meeting was held in Sofia on the subject of the churches of Europe, and the political section urged the complete destruction of all churches at once. But the Moscow Politburo, using the sinister figure of Archbishop Gregory, of the Orthodox Church, decided to proceed with one country at a time. Gregory, a supporter of Communism and the Soviet regime, seeks to destroy or disrupt the Roman Catholic Church. He aims first to create independent Catholic churches, slowly bringing them into communion with the Orthodox Church, and then to bring about actual fusion. The Politburo, seeking to use Gregory for its own ends, supports his plans for suppressing all churches having any affiliations outside the Soviet Union or the satellites, and doubtless has a long-range scheme for eventually doing away with Gregory himself when he has outlived his usefulness.

**I**N March of 1949 the Soviet Youth League held its eleventh All Union Congress in Moscow, and the official figures divulged concerning the strength of its hold upon the growing generations of Russians were startling.

Boys and girls reaching ten years of age are eligible for membership first in the Pioneers, and when they join this group their Communist Party education is begun. The Pioneers, Secretary-General Mikhailov told the convention, doubled its membership between 1938 and 1949, and now has more than 13,000,000 followers. When they reach the age of fifteen years these youngsters graduate into the Komsomol, which since 1938 has grown in membership from 4,000,000 to 9,283,289. The Communist Party itself, to which only adults are admitted, now boasts of a membership of 6,000,000 in the Soviet Union.



**Lutheran, Dr. Niemoller, has fought the Nazis and Reds**

Mikhailov urged all loyal Komsomol members to take a very active part in the campaign to combat "a certain revival of church activity which seeks to increase its influence among youths," and warned that Komsomol members cannot be neutral about religion, which he called a force designed to undermine the state.

The boxes surrounding the floor of the huge Palace Auditorium where the meeting was held were filled by boys and girls from outside the Soviet Union—Koreans, Swedes, Danes, Austrians, Germans, Mongols, and more than a score of visiting youths from "the liberated regions of China." They heard loud praise of the World Youth Federation, which now claims 52,000,000 members in 63 countries, and of the Anti-Fascist Committee, which the Komsomol organized and which now claims connections with more than 200 youth organizations in 70 different nations. The girls and boys lustily sang a "Song to Stalin" and then elected him honorary chairman of the Congress.

In all towns, cities, and villages in the Soviet Union where the Komsomol and Pioneers are organized, three Communist lectures are given each week during school hours by an official known as the Guide, and after the lectures there are military drills.

When these boys and girls grow to manhood and womanhood after childhood and youth teachings and discipline of this kind, what hope will religion have for any kind of tolerance in the country which they will rule?

When, in July 1949, Pope Pius XII announced the excommunication of all Catholics who are militant Communists, the general supposition in the non-Catholic world was that this historic step was taken solely because of the Church's conflicts with the governments of Czecho-Slovakia, Hungary, and Rumania. Actually the decree was many years in the making and was not the result of any hasty decision or any specific incident or crisis.

The excommunication decree is considered the most important step of its kind taken by Rome in more than four hundred years, and is of deep concern not only to the estimated 330,000,000 Roman Catholics in the world, but to the peoples of all of the democracies of the West. It presents serious problems to more than 2,000,000 avowed Communists in Catholic Italy. In Czecho-Slovakia two thirds of the nation's 12,000,000 population are Roman Catholics, and in Hungary and in France the decree presents a problem of the first magnitude.

All restrictions in this decree imply that in the opinion of the Vatican a

movement which poses as economic and political has actually trespassed into the field of morals and faith and become an inimical force. Rome holds that Communism and its creeds and its moral code have offered a challenge to the conscience of mankind.

**W**HILE the battle between Moscow and the Roman Catholic Church has thus assumed a newly significant stature, Protestants in all the satellite countries were also being subjected to pressure and terrorism, whenever their church leaders refused to permit their churches to be made into subservient propaganda weapons of the Communist party.

It is unfortunate that in the United States ignorance and prejudice have prevented the general public from giving full due to the Roman Catholic Church for the brave and correct stand taken against Communism. In the free world's struggle against the power of the slave state centered at Moscow, no organization has worked more openly and courageously than the Catholic Church under the direction of Pope Pius XII. Already the Church's list of martyrs is lengthening: Cardinal Mindszenty, Archbishops Stepinatz and Beran, bishops by the dozens, and uncounted hundreds of the priesthood.

There is no denying the fact that the Protestant churches, those in the United States and those elsewhere in the world, have not adopted as open and courageous a stand against Communism as has the Roman Catholic Church everywhere. This is an issue that has been shied away from where possible, or been made the subject of compromise when action of some kind became inevitable.

No man or woman can be a good Catholic and also be a Communist;



**Methodist, Bromley Oxnam. He prefers to attack Catholics**

but it seems apparent that a man or woman may be a member of almost any Protestant church and at the same time carry a Communist Party membership card, or at least be highly sympathetic toward the Communists.

Many Protestants may resent this, but they cannot deny the statement that the Protestant churches, collectively, are not nearly the powerful force against the spread of Communism into the free half of the world that the Roman Catholic Church has become.

When Protestant churchmen venture into the world of statesmanship and international affairs, they are apt to bungle badly. There was a lamentable instance of this in March of 1949 when 460 bishops, preachers, missionaries, and delegates to the National Study Conference on the Churches and World Order met at Cleveland. When they debated the North Atlantic Pact, nearly half the churchmen were violently against that alliance. One delegate insisted from the floor that the Pact would "divide the world into two armed camps" and sign the United Nations death warrant.

After much debate, the 460 delegates sidestepped the issue and ended by calling upon the United States Senate to postpone a vote on the Pact until the nation had had an opportunity for a comprehensive discussion of probable results and implications.

But there was even worse to come. On the final day of the conference, the committee on religious liberties brought in a report condemning the "insidious pattern by which Communist and other totalitarian regimes are seeking to force the church into a position of subservience." The report also called upon Protestants and Roman Catholics at the highest level of leadership "to join in the common battle against the anti-church campaigns being conducted by the Communists."

Then a fatal amendment was offered

stating, in part: "The practices of freedom in non-Communist countries are imperiled by pressures exerted . . . by the Roman Catholic hierarchy. . . . The ecclesiastical organization and policies of the Roman Catholic Church do not accord with the preservation and extension of religious freedom." The delegates referred the matter to the executive committee of the Federal Council of Churches. Then they adjourned and went home.

The Protestants made a better showing in July 1949 when the central committee of 70 members of the World Council of Churches met at Chichester in England. They represented 155 Protestant and Orthodox groups in 44 nations, and the main topic on their agenda was the church-state conflict in Eastern and Central Europe.

The Chichester meeting was held under the handicap of the straddling action taken at the meeting in Amsterdam in 1948, when a watered-down resolution was passed declaring: "The Christian churches reject the ideology of both Communism and laissez-faire capitalism and should seek to draw men away from the false assumption that these extremes are the only alternatives."

The final result at Chichester was a resolution calling upon Christians throughout the world to "stand firm against totalitarianism" and adding ". . . Justice in human society is not to be won by totalitarian methods. A totalitarian doctrine is a false doctrine. In countries where the state is antagonistic to the Christian religion or wherever full religious freedom is denied, we ask all Christians to remember that the liberty which they receive from their Lord cannot be taken away by violence or by the threat of any worldly power or destroyed by suffering."

The United States and Britain made a diplomatic move hostile to Commu-

nist suppression of freedom of worship when they jointly protested to Bulgaria, Hungary, and Rumania charging that these three countries had broken their new peace treaties by "violating the articles of the respective peace treaties concerning human rights and the fundamental freedoms." The protests then listed many cases of prosecution of religious and opposition leaders in the three Soviet-dominated states.

Under the treaty terms the American, British, and Russian envoys in each of the three Balkan capitals were to have met to consider the charges. However, each of the three countries concerned rejected the protests and charged the United States and Britain with "attempting to interfere" in their national affairs. Then the Russian diplomatic envoys at each of the three capitals refused to meet the Americans and the British, declaring that the issues raised were "purely domestic problems." And there, despite a second protest in September, the matter remains deadlocked by the equivalent to a Soviet veto.

The Communists, of course, count upon time as their invaluable ally. In the Soviet Union itself there are millions of men and women nearing or past thirty years of age who can remember no religious teachings in their days of childhood or youth.

More millions are reaching maturity in the Soviet every year who are atheistic graduates of the Pioneers and the Komsomol. The Communist leaders evidently hold to the cynical belief that the old religious generation is now dying off rapidly and that the middle-aged men and women, the aged of tomorrow, can be kept suppressed by terrorism and police pressures.

Thoughtful consideration of this spectacle will bring even to the agnostics and the utterly irreligious men and women of the free world a nauseating feeling of deep revulsion. They may feel no need of religion in their own lives, may be utterly devoid of the impulse to prayer or the disposition to worship a Supreme Being, but the contemplation of a police state adopting a repressive policy of this kind against one of the oldest and most basic needs of most human beings is frightening.

And what are the Communist victims and dupes offered in the place of religion and mankind's various concepts of God? They are solemnly handed a book by Karl Marx, grossly enlarged photographs of Lenin and Stalin, a sterile adherence to the worship of science, and the deepest reverence for the monolithic state which has the effrontery to stand forth under the heavens and tell half of mankind:—"You shall have no other God but me."

## Journey's End



▲ Married life had been just one long argument for the Joneses. Finally Mr. Jones tired of the endless bickering.

"You've gone too far," he informed his wife. "I'm going out of your life forever."

His wife pleaded with him as he packed his suitcase, but to no avail.

"I'm getting away from it all," he said. "I'd rather face wild beasts in the jungle or life on the stormy seas than spend another minute under this roof."

He opened the front door and stepped out. In a moment he was back. Putting down his suitcases, he said sternly to his wife:

"It's lucky for you it's raining."

—Ellen C. King

# STAGE and SCREEN



by **JERRY COTTER**

*Ethel Barrymore is a Mother Superior in "The Red Danube," screen version of Bruce Marshall's "Vespers in Vienna"*

## ***The Red Danube***

Coming closer to the real nature of the threat the world faces in international Communism than any movie yet released, **THE RED DANUBE** still does not score a bull's-eye. Based on Bruce Marshall's *Vespers in Vienna*, the production is superior in every technical respect, with the characterizations of Ethel Barrymore, Walter Pidgeon, and Janet Leigh outstanding.

Pidgeon appears as a British occupation officer billeted in a Vienna convent of which Miss Barrymore is the Mother Superior. When a young ballet dancer seeks refuge in the convent to escape being returned to the Soviet Union and reprisal, the entire tragedy of the forcible repatriation program is illuminated. It is in these sequences that the picture strikes hard at the brutality, the inhumanity, and the utter duplicity of the Soviet ideology. It is also in these scenes that the production reaches its dramatic high mark.

Less successful but no less laudable is the attempt to recapture Marshall's deft handling of the philosophical discussions between the Mother Superior and the Colonel, a disillusioned man who has lost his faith and his hopes. In true screen style, this major conflict of ideas assumes no greater importance than the romance between a young British officer and the refugee dancer.

Miss Barrymore and Pidgeon were perfect choices for their roles and do magnificently by them. Miss Leigh, a talented newcomer, is only slightly less brilliant in a part that might easily have become mawkish. Angela Lansbury, Peter Lawford, Melville Cooper, Louis Calhern, and Francis L. Sullivan form a first-class supporting company.

Carey Wilson has produced the picture with a full appreciation of its importance as a timely indictment. It is a movie for everyone to see and discuss. By comparison, all other screen efforts to paint the Red menace in its true colors are pallid and unconvincing. It is the first forthright step down the road to a full, three-dimensional study of the new world problem.

## ***Reviews in Brief***

**I MARRIED A COMMUNIST** handles the totalitarian menace to the labor movement in conventional melodramatic style. Its primary appeal is to those who prefer the familiar, two-fisted approach to a problem. The story deals with the strong-arm methods used by the Reds to muscle into the West Coast shipping field. If the story lacks any startling originality, it does have the advantage of focusing attention on Commie infiltration methods in labor unions. For the rest, it is little more than routine cops-and-robbers fare climaxed by a shooting spree in a deserted warehouse. Robert Ryan is properly grim as a young executive trying to live down his Party past; Laraine Day alternates her startled and worried expressions; Janis Carter is effective as a flashy comrade; and Thomas Gomez handles the role of the Party district leader in good fashion. Convincing and exciting melodrama, this should please the adult action fans—and give them something to think about as well.

Paul Vincent Carroll's **SAINTS AND SINNERS** is a humorous mixture of whimsy, satire, and caricature filmed



*A good job is done by John Ridgely, Jane Wyatt, and Gary Cooper in "Task Force"*



*Harmony by Mark Stevens and June Haver in "Oh, You Beautiful Doll"*

in an Irish village with richly beautiful scenic backgrounds lending added flavor to a delightful concoction. Maire O'Neill, Michael Dolan, Liam Redmond, Tom Dillon, and Noel Purcell of the Abbey Theatre prove once again that the Dublin group can take credit for some of the finest actors in the world today. They give to Carroll's slight story an air of distinction and lift it above the usual level of his work.

In this fantasy with modern overtones, Carroll has written his thesis with a minimum of the anticlericism which too often flows from his pen. This time he is satiric and sardonic, but never vitriolic, in telling how the inhabitants of Kilwirra prepare for the world's end which the local wise woman has predicted. She had named the winner of the Grand National a short time before, so the village accepts her prediction without question. Only the Canon holds out, but to his consternation he discovers that a good many of the parish "saints" have feet of clay. It is depicted in a style that it both melancholy and gay, but always fascinating.

Carroll is less successful in sketching romantic interludes than in creating colorful local characters, but Kieron Moore and Christine Norden are convincing in their stylized roles. Any adult with a drop of Erin's dew in his veins will enjoy this amusing excursion to Kilwirra. (London Films)

**THE BLUE LAGOON** was filmed in the South Pacific, which gives the advantage of authenticity to its gossamer script. With a laudable degree of restraint and the usual British flair for realistic touches, the film tells of a boy and girl who are shipwrecked on an uninhabited island. They had been cast ashore in company with an old sailor who soon drinks himself to death. For ten years the young people live alone on the island. They work, fish, and maintain a semblance of proper social deportment as outlined in a book of etiquette they managed to salvage. Though happy on their island, the fadeout finds them sailing off for the civilization that beckons. Pictorially, the film is breathtaking and the story is given sympathetic presentation by Jean Simmons and Donald Huston as the castaways. Adults will find this unique experiment refreshingly free of the sug-

gestiveness which might easily have ruined such a fanciful tale. (Universal-International)

**PINKY** is the latest entry in the current cycle of racial stories. In many respects it is the most effective, for its players are superb, the theme restrained, and the solution it presents is both heartening and intelligent. The film revolves around the difficulties faced by a young Negro girl who visits her home after years of study in the North. In nursing school she has passed as white and has become engaged to a young doctor who knows nothing of her background. In the shanty where her aged granny lives, she again comes face to face with the problems, the prejudice, and the pride which combine to make life inordinately difficult for her race.

One of her problems, a dying aristocrat, brilliantly played by Ethel Barrymore, gives "Pinky" the answer to her quest. Jeanne Crain, in the most important role of her career, is completely credible as the young nurse who must make a choice between two lives. Ethel Waters is also magnificent as the grandmother with the answers to hatred and prejudice in her heart and soul. William Lundigan, Basil Ruysdael, Evelyn Varden, and Frederick O'Neal are also excellent. One highly suggestive sequence might better have been toned down, but this otherwise absorbing social document rises well above that level in its handling of a difficult theme. (20th Century-Fox)

**MISS GRANT TAKES RICHMOND** is sure-fire comedy made doubly enjoyable by the slick slapstick performances of Lucille Ball, William Holden, James Gleason, and Frank McHugh. As a not-too-bright graduate of a secretarial school who is employed by a trio of bookies, Miss Ball is in fine fettle. The laughs are many and the action is geared high as the bookmakers find themselves building a new housing project for veterans instead of following their chosen, shady profession. Excellent lightweight fun for adults. (Columbia)

Claude Rains' portrayal of a museum curator and the recorded voice of Enrico Caruso are the sole attractions in the staid and boring **SONG OF SURRENDER**. A routine



Robert Ryan is the reformed husband of Laraine Day in "I Married a Communist"



Kieron Moore, Michael Dolan, and Maire O'Neill in "Saints and Sinners"

drama set in New England around 1906, it tells an oft-repeated tale of a young girl, married to an elderly man, who falls in love with a handsome roué. To pave the way for a happy ending, the husband conveniently dies and the bouncer reforms. Caruso is heard singing "*La Donna e Mobile*" and "*O Sole Mio*," which compensates in some degree for the woeful inadequacies of script, cast, and direction. (Paramount)

Gary Cooper's *TASK FORCE* is built around the development of the aircraft carrier and the naval air arm. Technically, it is well above standard with some exciting, official Navy combat pictures of the Battle of Midway providing the dramatic highlights. The plot concerns the efforts of a group of naval pilots who find themselves stymied by Washington officialdom in their efforts to promote the cause. War themes again rate high on the Hollywood agenda, and this may be considered the forerunner of a new batch. Cooper's performance is in his usual monotone, and Jane Wyatt, Jack Holt, Walter Brennan, and Wayne Morris give him adequate support. An excellent thriller for the family trade. (Warner Brothers)

Superior acting by Glenn Ford, Janet Leigh, and Charles Coburn save the otherwise maudlin *THE DOCTOR AND THE GIRL* from complete mediocrity. Bathos in the best soap-opera tradition with incredibly poor dialogue marring the occasional dramatic highspots, it is also in questionable taste when it concentrates on a fatal abortion. This episode, forming the climax of the picture, might easily have been devised in different fashion. Slanted for the true-confession reader (M-G-M)

Ingrid Bergman's announced decision to retire from the screen may well have been prompted after viewing her performance in Alfred Hitchcock's *UNDER CAPRICORN*. What should have been a superb blending of two exceptional talents is merely a dull, garrulous, and unconvincing melodrama. To accept Miss Bergman as an Irish lady who marries her stable boy and goes to Australia with him is the first hurdle. The others come at various points in a moody, heavy-handed pageant notably lacking in dramatic

peaks and obvious in its treatment. Miss Bergman is a clever thespian, but this time she has not succeeded in being more than merely capable. Joseph Cotten, as the groom who makes his fortune on the other side of the world, is adequate, while Michael Wilding, playing a young Irishman, is the most convincing of the leading players. The fabulous Hitchcock touch is missing this time, but in all fairness it must be stated that neither he nor his cast had anything of value to work with in this drear study. (Warner Brothers)

Yesteryear's songsmiths continue to mesmerize the movie-makers, and in *OH YOU BEAUTIFUL DOLL* the subject is Fred Fisher, composer of "Peg O' My Heart" and "Come Josephine in My Flying Machine," among other popular hits. All the standard gimmicks of the Technicolor musicals have been utilized, with June Haver, Mark Stevens, Charlotte Greenwood, and S. Z. Sakall on hand to sing, dance, and clown. The result is a pleasant and frothy adult frolic in which the dull patches are quickly and neatly covered over with a song. (20th Century-Fox)

*EVERYONE DOES IT* runs the humor gamut from satire to slapstick, with grand opera as the target for the laughs. Paul Douglas is hilarious as a wrecking contractor who turns opera singer to spite his wife, who has vocal ambitions of her own. On tour he is magnificent, but opening night in New York finds him a panicky, voiceless wreck. In the adult category this is top fun, with Linda Darnell, Celeste Holm, Charles Coburn, and Millard Mitchell contributing polished portrayals. (20th Century-Fox)

### Playguide

FOR THE FAMILY: *Howdy Mr. Ice* of 1950

FOR ADULTS: *Where's Charley?*

PARTLY OBJECTIONABLE: *Kiss Me Kate*; *Lend an Ear*; *South Pacific*; *Death of a Salesman*; *Detective Story*; *Born Yesterday*; *Goodbye My Fancy*; *Miss Liberty*

COMPLETELY OBJECTIONABLE: *A Streetcar Named Desire*; *Mr. Roberts*; *Diamond Lil*; *Blackouts* of 1949



Mike Quill's turbulent TWU gives N. Y. commuters periodic jitters

# Can we lick the labor problem?

It takes courage for a union man to stand up and remind his fellow workers they have interests in common with employers and conflict solves nothing

by JOHN C. CORT

THERE is a large and important union in New York City where a group of Catholics had been studying and working for over ten years to apply Catholic principles to the problems of their union and their industry. One of the biggest of those problems was the presence of a formidable Communist faction which controlled the local.

Step by step the Commies were driven out. It was not just the Catholics who did it. Many different elements joined in the fight. Jews and Protestants were among the hardest workers, but no one had been in the fight longer, put in more time, or taken more abuse than this Catholic group.

At last came final and complete victory. The group called its regular monthly meeting and announced a good speaker. A big turnout was expected to celebrate the victory. Three people showed up, including the chairman.

The feeling was that the job had been done, so why hold any more meetings? Everything had been fixed, everything had been settled. This is a feeling which has paralyzed many good Americans now that the Stalinists have been stopped in their drive for power and driven back to their weakest position since the CIO was founded in 1935.

They are still a factor to be reckoned with—no question about that. They still own a solid little block of ten CIO unions, including one of the largest and most strategic in the country, the United Electrical, Radio, and Machine Workers. They control a number of important AFL locals. But over the past years they have lost out in five separate international unions which they once dominated: the Newspaper Guild, Woodworkers, National Maritime Union, Transport Workers Union, and the Shoe Workers, all CIO. Not to mention hundreds of locals in other unions.

They came within an ace of taking

over the big United Auto Workers a few years ago. If they had taken this union, at that time the balance wheel in the CIO, who knows what might have happened? But at the UAW convention last July, Walter Reuther wallowed their candidate for president by better than 12 to 1. At the 1948 CIO convention, President Phil Murray ripped them to pieces while the delegates cheered and a series of anti-Communist resolutions rolled through the hall behind 10-to-1 majorities.

The 1949 CIO convention tackled the problem of the charter of the Farm Equipment Workers, who have been handed to the UAW, and dealt with the troublesome Mine, Mill, and Smelter Workers as well as the defiant UE. Murray has given every indication of wanting to finish the Commies off once and for all, and it may be that they will be driven right out of the CIO, as Reuther and other leaders are now urging. The way would then be cleared, or at least smoothed, for amalgamation with the AFL in one great federation of fourteen million American workers—something that the friends of labor have been dreaming of for years.

But let us suppose that this happened. Let us go further and suppose that Msgr. Fulton Sheen converted all but the most hopeless Communists and that the earth opened and swallowed the remainder, leaving no trace. Would that solve our problems? To hear some of our orators and politicians, to read some of our publications, you would certainly think so.

IT is an understandable booby-trap. We all dislike Communism so much, we all prefer our own way of life so tremendously that little by little we fall into the error of thinking that if we were to admit any faults in the American system, that would somehow prove that Communism was right. We want so much to believe that America is perfect that finally we believe it. In the



end, arrogance becomes a virtue and self-righteousness a badge of honor.

But, you say, isn't this the country where free enterprise has accomplished miracles of production, where initiative, wedded to technical know-how and great natural resources, has produced the highest standard of living in the world?

**Y**ES, it is. It is also the country where in spite of initiative, know-how, and resources, we still don't know how to keep all our men working, even though the world, and many of our own people, are cold and hungry for what we can produce.

The problem is one of purchasing power, money, green stuff. It doesn't seem to be distributed in such a way that people can buy what is being produced. Too much of it gets siphoned off in exorbitant profits and finds its way into the pockets of people who can't spend it because, after all, one man can use only so many mansions and so many yachts, find so many opportunities for profitable investment, or pay alimony to so many ex-wives. Which is not to imply that all profiteers are divorced. Many of them are fine family men, and some are pillars of the Church, and they rationalize their profiteering in many plausible ways, such as calling attention to their duty to the stockholders and the necessity of piling up reserves in good times to tide them over the bad times. It is quite possible that some of them are, according to their own lights, saintly men in the eyes of God.

For their lights have been dimmed for many years. Somehow they cannot see the simple economic fact that a

policy of milking all the good out of good times leads inevitably to bad times, just as surely as prolonged hitting the bottle leads inevitably to hangovers and trouble with the wife. If they do see it, they look hopefully for other businessmen to do something about it.

Take some examples and figures. By and large, the American worker does not receive a living family wage according to Catholic standards. At current prices, the U. S. Department of Labor figures that a family of four needs about \$3,300 a year, or \$63.50 a week, to live in what the Popes call "reasonable comfort." But a family with only two children is not a Catholic family. Let us accept the Government's estimate that each child costs about \$500 a year. That means that a four-child family needs \$4,300 a year, a five-child family \$4,800 a year.

But Pius XI tells us that the workers should "advance to the state of possessing some little property" or "attain gradually to the possession of a moderate amount of wealth." Father Raymond Miller, C.Ss.R., author of the excellent commentary on this encyclical, *Forty Years After*, estimates the expense of these demands at about \$500 more a year. This brings the necessary income of our four-child family to \$4,800 and our five-child family to \$5,300.

"Ridiculous!" you may say. But if you want to say "ridiculous" in that tone of voice, say it to the Popes, and to the Catholic workingmen and their wives who are trying to do their duty by their God and their Church and raise a man-sized family on the wages that prevail at the present time in this, the greatest country in the world.

What are those wages? Well, for the

month of July, 1949, the average wage in manufacturing was \$53.66 a week, or \$2790.32 a year. The Federal Reserve Board reports that in 1948 over half (53 per cent) of American families earned less than \$3,000 a year. And 12 per cent earned less than \$1,000 and 30 per cent less than \$2,000. In all fairness, it should be pointed out that many of these are farm families. Nevertheless, the figures are not encouraging for a so-called "peak prosperity" year.

Employment rose a little during September, but President Truman recently reminded us that unemployment had almost doubled between June, 1948, and June, 1949, rising to almost 4,000,000. Prices, strangely enough, have dropped very little, consumer prices falling only 3 per cent between the high of August, 1948, and June, 1949. Many firms, particularly in the capital goods industries, were meeting the drop in demand, not by lowering prices, but by cutting production and laying off workers.

The steel industry, for example, saw its material and labor costs drop almost 15 per cent in the first six months of 1949, but bar steel prices remained practically unchanged. Instead of cutting prices, the industry lays off workers, purchasing power is cut even further, and so starts the spiral that leads to recession, depression, breadlines, and fuel for the Communist fires.

**W**HAT? The steel industry is able to do this because, as in most capital goods industries and in many durable consumer goods industries, price competition has all but vanished. For support of this statement see Father Miller again and Father John Cronin's book, *Economics and Society*, written before



*With all our industrial know-how, we still don't know how to make employment agencies unnecessary*



*Any housewife at market can tell you that food, plentiful as it is, has fallen little in price*

*Ewing Galloway photos*

# CREDO

by A. M. SULLIVAN

*I believe in God the Father  
Because He knows the vast  
Pretensions of the atom  
And stare at Him aghast  
As He cracks it in His knuckles  
Twist the present and the past  
And sets my faith aflame  
With Creation's mighty blast.*

*I believe in God the Son  
Because I spurned the fruit  
Of mercy from the Tree  
And saw the bleeding root  
Crawl down from Golgotha  
And writhing like a newt  
It followed through the darkness  
And entwined the sinner's boot.*

*I believe in God the Spirit  
Because when I was young  
I found a wounded sparrow  
Whose eager talons clung  
To my finger as I breathed  
A prayer half-said, half-sung  
And the sparrow's sudden pinions  
Felt the fire of my tongue.*

*The Father, Son and Spirit,  
All Power, Love and Grace—  
The Triune rules the heavens  
Wherein the angels trace  
God's leash upon the creatures  
That haunt the holy place  
And the starlight burns with glory  
In the wrinkles of His face.*

the war, but even truer today, when the concentration of economic power and wealth has reached more alarming extremes.

The steel industry, which means mainly U. S. Steel, uses its power like this because it apparently cannot see beyond the end of its own balance sheets. And, when limited in this way, it must be admitted that the view is beautiful and consoling. The CIO charges: "In the first half of 1949—with profits of most industries going down—steel profits rose to new pinnacles. At that rate, the industry this year will net \$800 million—far above 1948 and 2½ times the wartime average. This year's first quarter profits constituted a 15 per cent annual rate of return on investment." The steel industry has not, to the writer's knowledge, denied these figures.

Other corporation profits, after taxes, were: General Motors 28 per cent on investment in 1948, Studebaker well over 30 per cent; all manufacturing corporations averaged 12 per cent as compared with 5.5 per cent in 1929 and about 7 per cent in the war years.

In his book, *Distributive Justice*, Msgr. John A. Ryan, the late Catholic authority on industrial ethics, wrote that anything over a 10 per cent return on investment, when a company is in a monopolistic position, "has no greater ethical sanction or validity than the pistol of the highwayman." (That was in 1916. Today it would be 9 per cent, allowing for the drop in the interest rate on money.)

This certainly applies to many of our leading industries, where price competition has been eliminated, and is so interpreted by Father Miller.

Or consider these figures: Father

Miller reminds us that during World War II, when profiteering was supposed to be unfashionable, industry piled up 26 billion of "undistributed profits," that is, not shared with stockholders. The CIO claims that between 1939 and 1949 worker productivity in the steel industry rose 49.5 per cent, but "real" wages rose only 14.3 per cent while "real" profits went up 255.3 per cent. For all manufacturing, real wages rose 27.3 per cent and real profits 120.6 per cent. And yet they are still saying that prices were raised only to cover wage increases!

ANOTHER quotation belongs here, one from the statement, *The Church and Social Order*, issued in 1940 by the Catholic Bishops of America: "The first claim of labor, which takes priority over any claim of the owners to profits, respects the right to a living wage." And if wages have priority over profits, then there can be no question that they have even higher priority over the accumulation of funds for plant expansion, sinking funds, contingency reserves, and other such excuses for why we can't pay better wages.

So what are the conclusions? The conclusions are: 1) that by and large, for all our boasting, the American workingman does not receive a just living wage; 2) that by and large American business has had the money to pay better wages, but has not done so; 3) that in too many cases where employers raised wages, they immediately hiked prices enough to cover the raise and

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make fat profits even fatter; and 4) that this policy of amassing profits at the expense of wages, pursued over the years, has in the past, is now, and will again produce a failure of purchasing power, lay-offs, recession, and depression. In short, justice is, in the long run, the only sound economist.

There are other logs lying around which the Commies do not hesitate to throw on their fire. There is the terrible treatment of the Negro, which sometimes seems to be almost as bad in the North as it is in the South. There are the slums, city slums and country slums, which every politician, every employer, every commentator, and every newspaper publisher ought to visit at least once a year. There is the lack of medical care at a price the worker can afford to pay. There is the soulless mechanization of man's work in many factories, where the worker is regarded as being on the same level as the machine and receives even less consideration.

The Popes have told us repeatedly that only by putting certain principles to work can we come close to creating perfect society. And what are these principles? Well, they can be illustrated by quoting from President Truman's report to Congress on July 11, in which he urged action to stop our current recession. He said: "These things (affirmative actions to expand production, create more jobs, etc.) cannot be done by business, labor, agriculture, or government acting alone. They can only be done by all of us working together in mutual respect and with common objectives."

The questions are: Where are the mutual respect and common objectives? And, assuming these can be found, where are the instruments, where is the machinery whereby business, labor, agriculture, and government can even get together, much less work together? President Truman, if he thought it through, would have to admit that in this country, as presently constituted, that machinery simply does not exist.

The Popes tell us that new institutions must be created which would bring these diverse elements of our society together, not just in the annual name-calling contest that surrounds the negotiation of a new contract, but all year round. They tell us that in these institutions—variously called orders, vocational groups, industry councils—labor would be given an equal status with capital and would share equally in the making of basic decisions about how and to what end our economy should be run.

It will not be hard to persuade American labor to co-operate in such an enterprise. Since 1941 every CIO con-

vention has gone on record in favor of an Industry Council Plan which President Murray has admitted is similar to that suggested by Pius XI. Where your difficulty will be is in persuading American employers to admit that their workers have a right to share equally in the making of any decisions beyond those affecting their own wages and working conditions. There are some who favor it. Thank God for them, and may their tribe increase. But, unfortunately, their number is few as of this moment.

The Popes have also suggested that, where possible, this policy of co-operative sharing should be applied not only to industry, but also to the plant level, so that "workers and other employees thus become sharers in ownership or management or participate in some fashion in the profits received."

It has been somewhat harder to sell this idea to the labor movement, even though CIO unions at such plants as Hormel Meat, Johnson & Johnson Pharmaceutical, and Adamson Tank have proved that profit-sharing is not necessarily a device for keeping the union out of the place. And, during the war, even the Commies (for Russia's sake) were organizing Labor-Management, or Joint Production, Committees to increase efficiency and output. In fact, the Commies helped organize far more such committees than Catholic labor leaders, either during or since the war.

But now that class war is fashionable again, and Earl Browder is politically dead, it takes courage for a union man to stand up and remind his fellow workers that they have interests in common with their employers and that there are important values to be gained through co-operation as well as through conflict. It takes courage to point out that labor too has an obligation to consider the common good first when it draws up its demands. It takes courage to risk being called "reactionary" and "company stooge." It takes courage and a good union record so that you can be sure the label doesn't stick.

**H**OW do you develop men with courage? How do you develop men and women who not only know their trade unionism and their Catholic social doctrine, but who are willing to work as hard as the Commies work, for as little return in money or recognition, men and women who are willing to risk unpopularity, disgrace, and even death itself because they believe in something bigger than themselves? It boils down to this: how do you develop men with faith, the kind of faith that makes courage and sacrifice easy?

We need such men and women in the labor movement today—and perhaps even more in the ranks of management. Yes, it is true that we have plenty of Catholic labor leaders, plenty of Catholic employers. It is also true that the ACTU (Association of Catholic Trade Unionists) and the Catholic labor schools have done wonders in teaching union men and women what to do and how to do it. In New York City the Catholic Institute of the Food Industry has made a beginning in the ranks of management.

The ACTU and some of the labor schools have tried to develop the spiritual part of their program with Days of Recollection, Labor Day Masses, and Communion Breakfasts. And the members have given the example of a living Christianity by applying their program to the issues of the day in their union, their industry, their community.

All these things have contributed to the creation of a body of militant men and women, men and women of faith, and to the dynamism of the social action movement in this country. But the militants are still few and far between.

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• No one is entirely useless. Even the worst of us can serve as horrible examples.

—MAGAZINE DIGEST

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• A long life may not be good enough, but a good life is long enough.

—BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

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Some Actists have gone further and introduced a new technique which links the spiritual directly with trade unionism and seeks to weld the two into one organic whole, not simply by developing Catholics into trade unionists, or trade unionists into Catholics, by the addition of a Day of Recollection or a Communion Breakfast, but by developing *Catholic trade unionists* in every sense of those combined words.

By way of illustration, let us return to the group described at the beginning of this article, the Newspaper Forum of ACTU, New York, composed of members of the Newspaper Guild, CIO. When it appeared that success had been too much for them and had accomplished what failure and defeat had been unable to do, those still remaining decided to try something that had already had phenomenal success in the Jocist movement of Europe, but which, so far as they knew, had never been applied to trade unionism: the Gospel Inquiry.

They decided to open every meeting with the reading of the Gospel for the following Sunday, and then, under a lay leader, spend thirty to forty-five minutes discussing the meaning of the Gospel: the meaning for the men of Christ's time and the meaning for the men of our time. The chaplain entered the discussion only to correct mistakes and, at the end, to fill in any gaps that had been left. The main idea was to get those newspapermen and women, meeting together as trade unionists, to think about the message of Christ, to apply it to their own lives and to learn to express it in their own words.

**T**his they did. The turnouts were good. It was a little awkward at first. It is amazing how embarrassed we all are at the idea of discussing God and salvation in the same way we discuss wages and Communism. But very quickly the awkwardness wore off and the discussion grew warm and lively. Almost everybody had some observation, some insight which added to the general understanding. And it was easy, once they tried, to find meaning in Christ's words for the year 1949 in New York City.

From there they went on to a more direct discussion of problems in their own union and industry. And what was extraordinary about this part was that, warmed up by the Gospel Inquiry, they seemed to tackle their own problems with greater enthusiasm and sharper insight than ever before. On the first night they adjourned the meeting at eleven o'clock; one person left and they went on with the discussion until almost twelve.

It is too early to point to any remarkable results, but the chances are good that this group will develop in its members a quality of militant Catholic trade unionism that would have been impossible under the old system, under which there was plenty of talk about Catholic social doctrine, but none about the basic facts of Christ's life, death, and teaching, which give that doctrine its value and authority.

It is this kind of talk that we need in every part of our economic life before we can lick the labor problem, before we are going to get anything which remotely resembles a just social order based on Christian concepts.

To quote again from that magnificent encyclical of Pius XI, *Quadragesimo Anno*: "Preceding this ardently desired social restoration, there must be a *renewal of the Christian spirit*, from which so many immersed in economic life have, far and wide, unhappily fallen away, lest all our efforts be wasted and our house be builded not on a rock, but on shifting sand."





THIS month we are introducing two old friends of our readers, who have contributed not only to the advancement of *THE SIGN* but to the Catholic Press in general.

The gentleman above is John C. O'Brien, who for years has been a Contributing Editor of *THE SIGN*, informing our readers on the trends in Washington. Last year Mr. O'Brien achieved the distinction of being elected president of the National Press Club in Washington, the only national club of newsmen.

After graduating from Clark University in Worcester, Mass., Mr. O'Brien taught English in high school until he broke into the newspaper field with the *Denver Post*. He later worked for the old *New York World* and the *Tribune*. He joined the *Philadelphia Inquirer* and is head of their Washington bureau.

A friendly, if taciturn six-footer, he is respected among his colleagues for his ability at interviewing. He is one of the few newspapermen who covered the news on the late President Roosevelt from the time he was Governor of New York through his sixteen years as President.



Seated third from left, John C. O'Brien, with the officers of the National Press Club in Washington

ANOTHER favorite of our readers is the smiling little lady below. She is the author of those witty, thought-provoking (not to mention letter-provoking) essays that appear regularly in *THE SIGN*. She is Mrs. Louis Hasley, known to readers as Lucile Hasley.

Mrs. Hasley is the wife of an English professor at the University of Notre Dame. Speaking of her husband, she says: "There is no competition. Our writing is poles apart. If it weren't for his scholarly tendency, we might make a team—like Burns and Allen."

Mrs. Hasley was the winner of the Catholic Press Award in 1948 for her story, "The Little Girls," which appeared in *THE SIGN*. She is also a regular contributor to secular magazines such as *Woman's Day*, *Mademoiselle*, and others. Her first book of essays, entitled *Reproachfully Yours*, has just been published by Sheed & Ward.

Her literary standards? "It's a mortal sin to bore people. My prime end is to entertain." However, as all who read her essays can vouch, there is much wisdom in her entertainment.



# RADIO and TELEVISION

by DOROTHY KLOCK

## Mind Your Manners

One of the jobs radio has failed to do is to provide programs designed specifically for the teen-ager. The deficiency does not lie in the quality of those programs which have been broadcast as much as it does in the fact that there have been hardly any programs at all in this category. The teen-ager is, for the most part, the forgotten soul among radio listeners.

On the network basis even more than on the independent station basis this is true. However, the National Broadcasting Company has seen fit to bring some light to the dark places with its fine teen-age weekly program, *Mind Your Manners*.

A young man named Allen Ludden came out of the Navy after the war and found himself a job with the Fred Waring outfit. Somewhere along the line of his F. W. days, he concocted a recipe for a show for teen-agers and won over the management of Station WTIC in Hartford, Connecticut, to the idea. WTIC is an NBC affiliate, and thus the program's mounting popularity came to the attention of network officials. The result? *Mind Your Manners* is now heard over more than a hundred stations of the NBC network each week.

The program's appeal stems chiefly from the fact that M. C. Ludden never forgets that his show is presented by and for young people from the first teen to the final one. There are several parts to the weekly format, all related basically to the question-and-answer idea. There is a panel of five or six young people who answer questions sent in by teensters—questions about problems of living which can assume monumental importance in the sudden seriousness with which youth first faces maturity. Should my father be the one to decide what college I am going to? Should I go steady with the girl I like very much? Do my parents' friends expect me to forget all my own plans for

the evening on which they drop in unexpectedly? How can I make it clear to my crowd that I'd like to stay popular with them but not join in on their crazy driving games in their families' cars? What about the clothes borrower in the college dorm? And, far more important, what about the college freshman who worries about possible clashes in philosophy with the roommate of another faith assigned to him?

Adults who listen will probably be amazed by the maturity with which the youthful panel handles the answers to such questions. As for the moderator of the discussions, with remarkable verbal deftness and the least obtrusive holding of the reins in the memory of this radio listener, Allen Ludden draws the answers from his well-chosen panel. Each week a question from an adult is discussed, and there is another regular feature in which five questions are put to five teensters in the studio audience. The commercial aspects are flicked off in comparatively painless fashion, with a variety of prizes awarded

to the studio questionees and to those listeners whose written questions are used on the air.

Even if you are not between the post-pigtail stage and the early flush of college knowledge, you may enjoy this show. Try it, especially if you have a fast-changing young character of your own around the house whose thoughts and ways are, at the moment, beyond your comprehension. You will find much entertainment and not a little enlightenment. (NBC, Saturday, 5:00-5:30 P.M., E.S.T., time subject to change.)

## Father Knows Best

One of the latest entries in the well-populated field of family-situation comedies, this NBC series is making the most of the tried and true tricks and is adding at least a half-twist of novelty now and then. Foremost among the show's assets is Robert Young, an actor who earned his way by hard work into the Hollywood-name category. He is an old hand at getting the most out of a line with the minimum of effort and, as for his suitability to this role, there is no question. Robert Young is Daddy to four young ladies of his own, ranging in age from fifteen down to four.

The script-writer, Ed James, bases his series on a thesis about which controversy has been hot since the days of Adam—Father does know best, after he learns the answers from Mother! This particular father exercises his well-meaning but often misdirected guidance over seventeen-year-old Betty, fifteen-year-old Bud, and nine-year-old Kathy, perhaps the most astute and shrewd member of the family. Each show is a unit in itself, of course, but there is much similarity in the overall



Allen Ludden and his panel of "typical teen-agers" thrash out a problem on NBC's "Mind Your Manners"



pattern each week. The general road map reads "serenity to complication to chaos to exhaustion." Usually, with the aid of Mother, there is promise that serenity will be the opening theme when next week rolls around again.

More often than not, the situations are believable but occasionally both writer and producer go off the deep end and boil up a potful of family turmoil that is barely palatable and far from digestible. Whether the high standard of some of the first shows in the series can be maintained is obviously doubtful. Keeping the touch light and the material natural is one of the toughest jobs in radio. (NBC, Thursday, 8:30-9:00 P.M., E.S.T.)

#### News for Both Eyes and Ears

**THE LIFE OF RILEY**, by virtue of a long-term agreement, has become the property of the National Broadcasting Company which is presenting versions of the program on both radio and television.

**THE QUIZ KIDS** show, now in its tenth year, is being moved around the country each week so that outstanding youngsters from the cities on the schedule may appear on the juvenile panel with the regular members.

**THE CHICAGO THEATRE OF THE AIR**, the Saturday night operetta series on Mutual (10:00-11:00 P. M. E.S.T.) is adding five new productions to its repertoire.

**THE NBC SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA** will be heard over 130 radio stations throughout Latin America which form the NBC Pan American Network. The concerts will be broadcast via recordings of programs conducted by Arturo Toscanini during the past two seasons.

**THE RAILROAD HOUR**, popular music series in which operettas and musical comedies are condensed to half-an-hour, is heard this year on NBC on Monday night. (8:00 to 8:30 E.S.T.)

**SIMULCAST** is the phrase now used to describe the production of a program on both radio and television at the same time. *The Voice of Firestone*, which has been around these many years on Monday nights, is an example of a production which can now be seen as well as heard.

**THE BIG STORY**, telling of the authentic experiences of newspapermen, earned a real radio welcome for itself last year. It can now be seen on television on NBC on Friday nights at 9:30.

#### A spiritual thought for the month



## The Hand of the Lord

by WALTER FARRELL, O.P.

THE pride of man's life lies in mastery. We are not driven. The terror of death lies in the limp helplessness of the dead. A woman's body, sprawled grotesquely in the wake of a traffic accident, a dead man with his face in the mud of a battlefield, and the blank absence in each case of so much as a gesture in defense of human dignity, strike the terror of death vividly into our hearts. By them, we have been made to see by how frail a grip we hold to our proud mastery, how slight is our claim to the borrowed life by which we live, how justly that loan is recalled at any moment. This woman, this man have been touched by the hand of the Master of life and death.

By that touch they are made helpless, put at the mercy of any curious eye, any careless hand, even of the animals and the very elements of nature. The hand of the Lord has touched them, and rightly they can call to their friends for mercy: "Have mercy on me at least you my friends, for the hand of the Lord has touched me." There is no mercy to be had from merciless nature; little more from the ruthlessness of men, for it is so easy to ignore the helpless.

It is eminently right that the whole tone of Fall, when nature does her dying, should be one of things driven: wind tearing at dying trees, lifeless leaves swirled unresisting from their proud heights and beaten into the earth by the remorseless pelting of the rain, clouds fleeing across the sky as if from an unknown terror. Helplessness is rampant, for death is on the march.

Something of this same panic of driven helplessness is in our human world as it is peopled more and more by the living dead: men and women ignorant of their mastery, afraid of its responsibilities, or robbed of the high purposes to which that mastery should be put. There is reason for terror in the spectacle of men and women snatched with equal helplessness into ecstasy and despair; driven as animals by every surge of appetite; buffeted from without by blows that should have strengthened them; snatched

into ceaseless agitation by the baubles dangled cynically before their eyes. It is frightening to realize that so many are helpless to be still, that the lives of so few have deep roots for nourishment, that the cells of life's days have no pulsing life to bind them into a living whole. In all this, there is the odor of death, made more horrible by the fact that these people still live.

There are the dead who are more alive than these living dead. In them the promise of the Lord is fulfilled: "I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth in me, although he be dead, shall live." For these are not helplessly driven; they can be quiet, they can look to repose. They are inviolable to the driving ruthlessness of the world, the merciless impact of men; these are not victims of the restless movement by violence against which the wholly dead, or the living dead, offer no resistance. These are the souls in Purgatory.

Yet even these dead who live by the divine promise do not completely escape the helplessness that is the sad badge of all the dead. With good reason they make that same piteous plea: "Have mercy on me at least you my friends, for the hand of the Lord has touched me." They can do nothing to shorten the time of their suffering; their period of merit is over. With us, in the full vigor of merit's splendor, every moment, every step, every breath can be of momentous importance in eternity; every good act has its just claim to divine consideration; a breath of sorrowful love erases the deep scar of sin. The suffering souls, on the contrary, are capable only of what the theologians call grimly *satispassio*, "commensurate suffering": suffering sufficient to counterbalance the infinite offense inherent in the slightest venial sin, suffering adequate to the awful justice of God, enough to accomplish the spotless purity demanded for heaven.

It is so easy to be merciless to those whom the hand of the Lord has touched, so easy for the living to be merciless to the dead; so easy, because their very helplessness puts them so completely at our mercy.



## The house where *Helen*

Only a friend like Joe could rescue Helen's happiness from *emotion*

I guess everyone in the company felt sort of sorry for me yesterday when I turned in my cash bag and driver's badge. The boss explained about the pension papers and gave me a lifetime pass on the city bus lines and handed me a metal plaque with six bronze stars—one star for each five years I'd been with the company. "For Loyalty, Efficiency, and Service," the plaque said. It made me feel good, but I couldn't do anything but stand and turn the thing around in my hands while the fellows slapped me on the back.

They said, "Boy, are you lucky—no more schedules for you!" And they said, laughing, "What are you going to do today, Joe? Go for a bus ride?"

But underneath, I could tell they were feeling sorry for me. I knew they were thinking, "Poor old Joe!" And I couldn't do anything but stand and grin and turn the plaque around and around. I wanted to tell them they needn't feel a mite sorry for me, but I didn't know how to say it without telling about Helen. And I knew if I tried to explain about *her*, they'd think I was teched, and they'd tap their foreheads when my back was turned.

I'll tell you about Helen. The first time I ever saw her was around ten years ago. She was a little bit of a thing and I remember thinking how pretty her hair looked as she stood there on the corner. It was dark brown



ILLUSTRATED BY MARSHALL BOULDIN

# HELEN lives

by JEAN Z. OWEN

om cnetion in her straying husband's smashup

and shiny, and her eyes were dark, too, with little lights in them. I took a liking to her right off. When you've been hauling folks around the city since the days when they used horsecars, you learn to size up your passengers before they so much as set foot on the first step. I knew the minute I saw *her* that she'd be the kind that wouldn't get huffy if you couldn't change a five-dollar bill, or if you happened to get a bus with brakes that jerked.

When she got on the bus, that first morning, she smiled and said, "Hello," kind of shy, and gave me a quarter for her tokens. She was wearing a blue suit, and on the lapel she had one of those little pins with her name carved out of

wood. I was glad her name was Helen. My wife's name was Helen, and ever since she died I've been partial to anyone who has her name.

Well, anyway, Helen got to be a steady passenger. I picked her up every morning at eight-oh-five, and if I was on a broken shift, sometimes I'd take her home again on the six-thirty run. I figured she worked in one of the insurance offices on Cooper Street, although I never did find out for sure. Anyway, she hadn't been riding with me more than a couple of days before I began to look for her on the corner. When I'd see her, I'd feel good all over. My own Helen and I never had any kids, but I figured that if we'd had a



little girl I couldn't have asked for anything better than to have had her grow up as sweet as this one.

Of course, all the single fellows on the bus took a shine to her right off. At first she was polite but sort of cool to all of them. I watched them and listened to them and kept my thermos bottle where I could grab it in a hurry in case any of them got smart.

After awhile, though, I could see her soften up to the blond one they called Bill. That was all right. He was young and a little bit cocky, but he was a good boy and you could tell he was smart. Helen could do a whole lot worse.

You can see an awful lot in the driver's mirror, if you've a mind to, and for one whole summer I watched those two kids fall in love. Some girls act sort of smart when they're landing a fellow, like they're trying to show off, but Helen wasn't that kind. She grew quieter and shinier, somehow, and it made you hurt to look at her.

There were a couple of times when I figured she and Bill had been out late and she had overslept. If I didn't see her coming, I'd slow the bus right down and wait for her to come running down the street.

One morning when she was late like that, I waited for her and didn't pay any attention to the passengers grumbling. Even half a block off I could see that she had an extra shininess about her. When she climbed on the bus she smiled and said, "Oh, thank you just ever so much for waiting."

"That's all right, Miss," I told her.

She smiled at me a minute longer, as though she wanted to share something with me but just didn't know how to say it. Something made me look down at her hand.

She was putting her token into the fare box with her left hand, like most people generally do, and I saw her new ring. I wanted to say something, but before I could figure how to put the words together, somebody else got on the bus and Helen had to move on back.

**W**HEN she sat beside Bill, I took just one look and then I reached up and tilted the mirror so that I couldn't see them any more. I had the same feeling you get after a wedding and you see the groom kiss the bride.

There was a tract of new little homes opening up near the end of my run, and on Saturdays Helen and Bill went out to look at them. All the way out and back they'd sit with their heads close together, figuring on a piece of paper. I knew they were trying to decide if they could afford one of the houses, and I guess they must have worked it out all right because one

Saturday when I took them out I saw that Helen had a tape measure in her pocket, and I knew she was going out to measure for curtains and doodads.

I was glad they had bought a house, and on my run, too. I've had a room in a boardinghouse ever since my own Helen died, and I kind of liked to think of the kids living in a real home that I could see every day.

Not long after that, there came a Monday morning when Bill didn't get on the bus, and when I came to the corner where Helen usually got on, she wasn't there, either. So I figured that the kids must be married.

You have a lot of time to think when you are driving a bus, and I tried to picture where they had gone for their honeymoon. Sometimes I thought of them by the ocean and sometimes I imagined they were staying at some classy hotel in a big city. But wherever they were, I was hoping Bill was being gentle with her, and understanding. I guess he must have been, too, because when they came back her eyes hadn't lost any of their shine.

She went on working, and for awhile things went along just as they had be-

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• The way to love anything is to realize that it might be lost.

—G. K. CHESTERTON

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fore, except that Helen and Bill got on the bus together every morning. I didn't know for sure just which house was theirs until one morning when Helen was late and I saw her running down the front steps.

One morning when Helen got on the bus she looked sick. Her face was dead white and the skin seemed stretched over her cheekbones. She sort of sank down in the seat and leaned her head back and closed her eyes. Bill seemed awfully worried, but there wasn't much he could do. I rolled down the front window to let more air in the bus until an old biddy complained about a draft, and I had to roll it up again.

Helen seemed better the next day, but a month or so later Bill began going to work alone. He whistled some mornings when he got on the bus, so I figured she wasn't too bad off, and probably she was going to have a baby.

Well, sir, one day Helen got on the bus with an older lady. I figured she must be Helen's mother, come to help out, and that the time must be getting pretty close. Bill had sobered down considerably and didn't do any more whistling.

I guess I must have done quite a bit of worrying, too, because all the fellows told me I was getting touchy. All I know is that the day I went past

the house and saw the clothesline full of white squares I felt just like singing the Old Hundred.

When Bill got on that morning he was grinning fit to kill. He passed cigars to the fellows he always rode with and even came up and gave me one. I put it in my pocket; I kind of liked the feel of it against my ribs. I heard Bill tell the others that the baby was a seven-pound girl and that Helen was doing fine. When I went home that night I opened up a bottle of rye I had been saving since Christmas, and before I went to bed I put the cigar away in the box where I keep my father's watch and the picture we had taken the day my Helen and I were married.

**A**FTER that, Helen didn't ride with me often. Just once in awhile, when she took the baby down to the doctor or when she went shopping. But I always kept my eye on the house when I drove past, and sometimes on warm days the baby would wave to me from the little chicken coop that women keep their kids in nowadays.

I was glad when the baby was big enough to ride in a gocart. I'd help Helen get it on the bus and off again, and sometimes she'd let me lift the baby down. She'd always smile and thank me, like she really meant it, and taught the baby to say "thank you" to me, too.

It seemed as though everything was all set for her, with Bill and her house and her little girl. And then the war came along, and the first thing I thought of when I heard about it was that Bill would have to go. He did, too—one of the very first.

I'll never forget the day the three of them—Helen and Bill and the baby—got on the bus and asked for a transfer to the bus that would take them to the railroad station. I'd have given anything if I could have gone instead of him.

A couple of hours later Helen and the little girl went back home alone. In my mirror I could see Helen crying and I wanted to go out and smash somebody's nose.

Well, the next day there was a service flag in the window of the little house. I looked at the blue star and made a bargain with the Lord. He could take me any time, if He'd just let the star in Helen's window stay blue. Shucks, there wasn't anybody needing me the way she needed Bill.

Every day when I got near the house my hands would get cold and wet, and I'd feel something inside me crawling, and then when I'd get close enough to see that the blue star was still there, I'd calm down until the next day.

Once, when Helen was washing

windows or something, the flag wasn't there. That was the day the company doctor told me my ticker wasn't too good, and I'd better take it easy. But the next day the blue star was in the window again and I felt better right away and I threw out the pills the doc told me to take.

Not long after Bill went away, Helen started riding to work every morning, just like she used to. She was still pretty as ever, but there were blue marks under her eyes, as if she cried herself to sleep too often. Every morning her little girl rode with her as far as the nursery school. She was a spunky little thing, that little girl. She got off the bus all by herself and marched into the school with her little back straight as a rod and never a whimper out of her. She took after her mother, that way.

The busses took a beating during the War. We couldn't get parts and the old crates began to knock and wheeze every run. It was a funny thing, though; whenever Helen and her little girl got on my bus, the old buggy purred along just as smooth as you please. It seemed as though the bus was just as tickled as I was to have Helen riding with us again.

Well, sir, pretty soon the war was over and Bill came home. I had been sort of hoping all along that I could be the one to drive him home, but I guess he must have gone in a taxi. I don't know as I blame him. I'd have gone kitin' home as fast as I could get there, too, if I had been in his place.

**A**FTER a week or two, Bill started going downtown every day. I figured he was trying to get himself squared around into a new job. He had changed some; he was sort of skittery and every time he got off the bus the floor would be speckled with half-smoked cigarettes. I wanted to tell him to take it easy, that everything would work out in time and that the knots inside him would untangle themselves if he let things be.

I figured he was having quite a bit of trouble getting lined up with the right job. He'd work one place a month or two and then he'd get off on a different corner for awhile. Sometimes when he got on the bus to come home, I could tell he had been drinking.

Still, I wasn't really worried. Not until something queer started happening.

I didn't think much about it the first time. Bill got on the bus at the usual corner and I could see Helen and the little girl waving to him from the window. But he didn't ride all the way downtown, like he usually did. He got off on Maddox Street and I saw him walk over and get in an automobile that was parked near the intersection. There was a woman behind the wheel,

## You Can't Take It With You



▲ A zealous young preacher had just taken over the mountain circuit. Riding his rounds, he was shocked to find a woman member of his flock sitting on the porch of her little shack, smoking a pipe.

"You had better give up smoking that pipe, sister," he admonished. "You know, the Bible says that nothing unclean shall enter Heaven, and you'll never be able to get in with your breath smelling of evil tobacco."

The mountain woman continued puffing contentedly. Then she removed her pipe, to say to her visitor:

"Reverend, when I die I expect to leave my breath behind me."

—Eleanor Hoffman

and I saw her slide over to let Bill do the driving.

Like I say, I never thought much about it that first morning. Lots of times passengers see somebody they know in a car and they'll get off the bus. But when it happened the next morning, and again the third morning, I knew there was something wrong about it. Maybe it was the way Bill looked, and maybe it was the way the woman never slid over far enough when she let Bill take the wheel. Anyway, I knew the two of them were pulling a fast one behind Helen's back, and I was sore.

Oh, I didn't blame Bill exactly. I got a good look at the woman one morning, and I could see that she was older and very slick-looking—the kind of a woman that makes having a garden and a baby seem sort of corny. The veneer comes off that kind of woman before very long, and I knew that underneath his jitteriness Bill was really a good boy and that he'd straightened out eventually. But in the meantime I didn't know what was going to happen to Helen and her marriage.

Well, sir, the thing went on and on. Nearly every morning Bill got off at Maddox Street and I'd pick him up somewhere along the route at night. One morning I pretended I didn't hear him ring and I stepped on the gas and carried him two blocks past Maddox before I let him out. But it didn't do any good, because the woman in the car followed us and was right there where I let him off, anyway.

About once a week I took Helen downtown. It made me sick to see the shine go out of her eyes, a little more each time, and once I watched her in the mirror and saw her put her hand up over her forehead. I could see her rings slip on her fingers and I realized how thin she was getting.

That was the day I made another

bargain with the Lord. If He'd let things be right for Helen and Bill, He could let anything happen to me, and I wouldn't put up a single squawk.

For a couple of days I didn't think He'd paid any attention to me, and then all of a sudden I got my chance.

I was on the late shift that night and I was making my last run before taking the bus to the garage. It was a good twenty minutes after midnight when I turned down Belmont Avenue. I was going it empty when I reached Maddox.

I saw the car coming toward me and I turned off as fast as I could, but I wasn't fast enough. And in that split second before we crashed, the headlights of the bus shone full in the faces of Bill and that woman.

None of us was hurt bad—just shaken up—but we had made a lot of racket and the lights began going on in the neighborhood.

I got out of the bus and Bill got out of the woman's car and we stood there for a moment looking at each other.

"Get in the bus," I snapped, "and keep your mouth shut."

Bill just looked at me. The woman put her head down on the steering wheel and began to snivel. Right then I knew I had my chance.

"Look, lady," I said, "if this gets in the papers there's going to be names mentioned."

**S**HE looked at me, sort of stupid. "If you ever tell anyone that Bill was with you," I went on, "I'll have the bus company sue you both for drunken driving."

"You'll lose your job," Bill said to me. He looked from me to the woman and then back to me. You could see that he was getting things straight again in his own mind. "I can't let you lose your job."

(Continued on Page 77)



by **ALOYSIUS McDONOUGH, C.P.**

### **Privileged Altar Indulgence**

*Please explain the indulgence attached to a privileged altar.—D. S., BANGOR, ME.*

A privileged altar must be so designated by the bishop of a diocese or by the major superior of a community of religious priests of papal status. Any priest who offers Mass at a privileged altar for one or more souls in Purgatory is authorized to apply a plenary indulgence to *one* of the souls for whom the Mass is offered. If the Mass be offered for more than one departed soul, the celebrant must specify one as the beneficiary of this indulgence.

An altar to which this privilege has been attached should bear an inscription identifying it as a privileged altar. That the indulgence be applied, it is not necessary that the text of the Mass be that of a Mass for the Departed or that the Mass be offered in black vestments. No extra stipend is required for the application of this special suffrage. On All Souls' Day, also during the days of the Forty Hours Devotion, all altars are so privileged. Some priests enjoy this privilege personally, in such wise that they can apply this indulgence whenever they offer Mass for the departed, regardless of whether the altar itself be privileged.

### **Divine Credentials**

*Why is it that in catechisms and the like, Catholic writers couple prophecies with miracles?—C. C., BALTIMORE, MD.*

As emphasized by the Vatican Council, the best arguments in favor of the divinity of Christianity and of Christ Himself are miracles—and prophecies. A prophecy is itself a miracle. Ordinarily, when we refer to miracles, we bespeak such as pertain to the physical order—bodily cures, the sudden subsidence of turbulent waves, or the like. There are also miracles of grace, such as the conversion of Saul of Tarsus. A prophecy is a miracle of the intellectual order, and consists of the prediction of something which cannot be naturally known in advance. The original signification of the term "prophet" indicates the purpose of all miracles. A prophet is a teacher or messenger from God to men; miracles are his credentials. The association between Divine Revelation and Divine credentials is evidenced clearly in Holy Scripture: "That you may know the Son of Man hath power on earth to forgive sins, he then said to the man sick of the palsy: Arise, take up thy bed . . ." Again—"What manner of man is this, for the winds and the sea obey Him!" When making known to the holy women the whereabouts of the

Risen Saviour, the angel reminded them pointedly: "He is risen, as He said." A fulfilled prophecy is a completed miracle.

### **A-Bomb Fearfulness**

*What should I think of fatalism? Some say: What is to be, will be. My attitude is that, if God doesn't want me to die, I shan't. But, in this age of the A-bomb, I'd like to be sure.—B. R., ALTOONA, PA.*

In the history of human thought, there have been many brands of fatalistic theorizing. Speculation along such lines is understandable, especially in the case of those who grope in the imperfect light of mere human reason. Amid the countless, conflicting factors of this world, it is natural to become prey to anxiety unless calm with a confidence based upon divine assurance.

Reason proves the existence of one Supreme Being Who is flawlessly perfect; Revelation confirms this truth divinely. Hence, there can be no evil agent who can contend successfully against the Supreme Being or against creatures who deserve His providential protection. The supposition of evil gods, capable of wreaking disaster according to their caprice, is derogatory to and incompatible with the fact of One Being—perfect and supreme in the most unique sense of those terms.

Even God—Creator though He is—does not predetermine our lives in such a way as to tamper with the intelligent freedom wherewith He has endowed us. As for events that so occur as to be beyond the control of our own determination—such as a traffic accident or the explosion of an A-bomb—for reasons that appeal to His divine wisdom, God permits them. In that sense, there is no such thing as an accident; in that sense, "what is to be, will be," and "if God doesn't want you to die, you shan't." The extent of physical and moral evil adds up to a human mystery; the evils we experience and observe will continue to be a mystery until we attain our unending share of God's perspective. No mystery of suffering can equal that of the decide of Christ, yet that Passion is no mystery to Him who permitted it and submitted to it in order to guarantee our self-determined opportunities.

### **Knights of Pythias**

*Please publish some information concerning the Knights of Pythias.—K. B., HUNTINGTON, W. VA.*

There are over six hundred secret societies in the USA. The full title of the Pythians is Knights of Pythias of the World. This title distinguishes them from a similar Negro organization, known as the Knights of Pythias of North and South America, Europe, Asia, and Africa. The Negro society is not recognized by the other Knights. It was founded at Richmond, Virginia, in 1869 and has a considerable membership.

The Pythians of the World were founded in Washington, D. C., in 1864, by one Rathbone, a Freemason, and four other government employees. They number about a million members, very many of them being Masons as well. As a fund-raising scheme during their pioneer days, they sold copies of their society "secrets" at thirty-five cents until the contents became such open secrets as to call for another version.

In 1894, by one and the same decree, the Holy See condemned as dangerous to both Church and state, the Odd Fellows, the Knights of Pythias, and Sons of Temperance. Thereby, Catholics were forbidden to join any of these societies, under penalty of deprivation of the sacraments and Catholic burial. Concessions were made possible for Catholics who had become members in good faith, lest they



incur the loss of insurance benefits. However, such concessions were regulated by manifold precaution and could be obtained only from the Apostolic Delegate or from a metropolitan archbishop. The Church's reason for the condemnation of these societies is, essentially, of a piece with the reason for the condemnation of Freemasonry ("Sign Post," May, 1949). The Pythian Sisterhood is a secret society for women relatives of the Knights of Pythias, organized in 1886 at Concord, New Hampshire.

### **School Buses for Public Children**

*Why should Catholic children participate in the public school bus service?—P. B., HOT SPRINGS, N. MEX.*

The tenor of your inquiry seems to imply that school bus service is a benefit restricted to recognized, tax-paying, 100 per cent Americans and that Catholic children are, on that score, pariahs. Are not Catholics recognized Americans—law-abiding, taxpaying, loyal even unto death on land, at sea, and aloft? Should we discuss public school buses or school buses for public children?

Once upon a time, in a certain city, a pastor was confronted by a similar problem. His rejoinder to the City Council was in words to this effect: "Very well, gentlemen, as of September next our parochial school will cease to function. As the Catholics of this city have always done, they will continue to pay taxes. In the past their tax money has contributed to the education of non-Catholic children only. For our own children, we have provided a school building, a teaching staff, books, medical supervision, and transportation. However, from now on, in the words of another City Council to Judas Iscariot: 'What is that to us? Look thou to it!'" Needless to say, the City Council—after a moment of mental arithmetic—agreed to provide school buses for all public children.

Multiply that situation thousandfold in application to all the cities and towns of the USA. Were the Catholic parochial school system to be discontinued, the financial burden of most civic communities would increase to a staggering extent.

In not a few communities, Protestants and Jews as well as Catholics maintain so-called private schools. Why? In order that education be leavened by religion and by the particular religion to which this or that child is obligated in conscience and entitled. Is there any un-American ingredient in that attitude and procedure? Or is it not the best insurance policy against juvenile delinquency? Patriotic loyalty is one of the many virtues recognized and fostered in Catholic Church schools.

All American children are entitled, constitutionally, to an education. That education should be neither irreligious nor unreligious or religiously slanted in such a way as to conflict with a Protestant, Jewish, or Catholic conscience. Therefore, religious groups are entitled to denominational schools. The erection of additional buildings and their maintenance plus the multiplied salaries of separate teaching staffs are expenses peculiar to denominational schools. But the expense of books, medical check-ups, lunches, bus service, stationery supplies, and the like are incidental to any educational establishment. Were denominational school children to attend public schools, they would be entitled to all such incidentals at public expense. Should they be deprived of any or all such benefits because their parents, for conscientious reasons, shoulder the major expense of another school building and another teaching staff, and at the same time continue to support the public schools? In weighing any problematical issue, the maintenance of perspective is essential. In perspective, Catholic children belong to the American public.

November, 1949

### **Unmarried Mother Heaven-Bound**

*Is it true that a mother who dies during childbirth goes directly to heaven? What if she is unmarried?—P. O'M., SCRANTON, PA.*

There is no guaranty inherent in the process of childbirth which would assure heaven to a married or unmarried mother, either directly or after a delay in Purgatory. With the exception of instances of rape, unmarried mothers share the responsibility for their motherhood with another. However, even though partially, they are responsible nonetheless truly. Their fitness for heaven would be in ratio to their repentance. An attempted abortion would have made the unmarried mother still more unfit for heaven. Childbirth is, in itself, most commendable; in this case, it is the antecedent circumstances which are condemnable.

### **Double Godparents**

*A friend of mine has twin baby girls; she was told she needed only one set of godparents for both; later, she was told she needed separate godparents for each twin. Which is correct? Why does the parish priest not inquire whether the godparents be Catholics?—H. C., PITTSBURGH, PA.*

Other things being equal, there is no reason why godparents may not function in that capacity for quintuplets, let alone twins. Much depends upon circumstances. The responsibility of sponsors at Baptism and at Confirmation depends upon the physical and spiritual health of the parents. It can easily happen that, for either or both reasons just indicated, it would become advisable to have separate sponsors for twins, so that godparents would not be overburdened. Godparents are not mere witnesses; they assume a grave responsibility for the spiritual education of a child who may become bereft of parental care. A person is not a fit candidate for sponsorship because he or she is a favorite uncle or a doting aunt. That basis for selection is so much bosh and buncombe!

The parish priest need not inquire as to the religious affiliation of a prospective sponsor, if he knows him personally. Aside from cases of mixed marriages, the presumption is that an immediate relative of the parents is a Catholic. Generally speaking, the baptizing priest is thoroughly inquisitive as to the fitness of sponsors. However, since prospective godparents are generally unannounced until they appear alongside the baptismal font, it devolves upon parents to select sponsors discriminately and without human respect.

### **To Knit or Not?**

*Is it a sin to crochet on Sunday?—H. M., PARK RIDGE, ILL.*

The fitting observance of the Lord's Day is prescribed by the Third Commandment of God: "Remember that thou keep *holy* the sabbath day. Six days shalt thou labor, but the seventh is the sabbath of the Lord thy God: thou shalt do no work on it . . . the Lord blessed the seventh day and sanctified it." (Exodus 20) This divine precept is echoed in the Church's legislation pertinent to the proper observance of Sundays and holydays. The first precept of the Church requires that Sundays and holydays be sanctified by those who have attained the use of reason, and that the faithful do so by attentive attendance at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass and by refraining from the distraction of everyday occupations.

Some things are prohibited by God and the Church because intrinsically wrong; other things become out of order because prohibited by competent authority. It is obvious

that, on days especially dedicated to God, workaday tasks should be reduced to a minimum. Otherwise, men cannot give to the Almighty the tribute of their time and attention. In accordance with the spirit of the law, no work should be done, ordered, or permitted, if incompatible with a due sanctification of such a day. However, amid the complexities of modern life, it is practically impossible that all the faithful observe the law ideally and always. In the interests of public welfare, many workers must be requisitioned on weekday holydays and even on Sundays. But if reasonably possible, Catholic workers are still obliged to attend Mass.

In private homes and on farms, there are chores that clamor for daily attention. The precept of charity for one's neighbor admits of no moratorium on Sundays or holydays. Pharisaical or puritanical extremism is not Catholic. Oftentimes, a balanced judgment as to what constitutes unbecoming work, must be made on a relative basis. One man's "bread and butter" may be another man's "dessert." For example, photography may be a livelihood business or a Sunday hobby. To putter in a garden, for exercise or diversion, would not be servile work. Referring to the playboys of his time, for whom Sunday leisure meant twenty-four hours of dissipation, St. Augustine observed it were better that they dig all day than play all day. Crocheting or knitting would be considered a pastime, even though profitable financially or otherwise.

### **Blessed Margaret's Unborn Child**

*Was the unborn child of Blessed Margaret entitled to heaven?*—M. K., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Blessed Margaret Clitheroe was a martyr for the faith in the sixteenth century. For many years she had sheltered persecuted priests, during the reign of the infamous Elizabeth. Rather than implicate her relatives during the travesty of legal proceedings, she pleaded guilty to this charge and to that of attending Mass. In 1586 she was condemned to be crushed to death and, in all probability, an unborn child died with her.

Aside from very understandable wishful thinking, we have no decisive argument in favor of the title to heaven, in the full sense of the term, in behalf of her unborn child. That child, though unborn, was a person distinct from the mother. For that very reason, abortion is murder. However, for a consoling discussion of this topic, we refer you to the "Sign Post" of March, 1949, under the caption: "Unbaptized Happiness."

### **Detachment On Earth**

*In reading St. Alphonsus on the subject of detachment from creatures, I have become confused. I had always thought that detachment, as a means of increasing one's love for God, meant avoiding those who would alienate us from God, and so modifying love for creatures as not to weaken love for God. But he quotes St. Philip Neri that whatever love we entertain for creatures is so much taken away from God.*—V. G., SAMAR, P. I.

In the case of any statement on any subject, a properly balanced interpretation is called for. For that reason, we have the Supreme Court in the USA, the Pontifical Biblical Commission for the reliable interpretation of Sacred Scripture, and so on. Writers sometimes have recourse to hyperbole—a rhetorical device employed for emphasis and not to be taken literally. It is written: "Honor thy father and thy mother." It is written also: "He who loveth father or mother more than Me is not worthy of Me." Between those two statements, there is no contradiction whatever. Deordinate attachment to any creature is reprehensible;

ordinate attachment is commendable and perhaps even obligatory. Similarly, the Lord of Life and Death has declared that we "know not the day or the hour" of our summons; criminals who have been sentenced to death do know, but such exceptional cases do not contravene the quotation as a universally true statement. Briefly, one must distinguish between contradictions that are such only apparently and those that are real.

### **Mendicants**

*Why do authors speak of the five Mendicant Orders? I thought there were more than five.*—F. M., TRANSVAAL, S. AFRICA.

In 1274 the Second Council of Lyons approved four Orders of Friars as mendicants—the Dominicans, the Franciscans, the Carmelites, and the Hermits of St. Augustine. Since that time, the approval has been extended to include other religious communities. The original permission to live as mendicants was given by the Holy See as an official endorsement of a life of strict poverty, whereby the friars became dependent upon alms not only individually but corporately. The mendicant movement was intended as a "breakwall" against waves of anticlericalism and similar attitudes.

### **Distraction In Heaven?**

*It has been claimed that we shall not meet our relatives in heaven, that all our time and attention will be devoted to praising God. But a Catholic University professor says that we shall know ours and ours will know us. Who is right?*—J. H., CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Obviously, the professor. In heaven the Mystical Body of Christ will have been perfected. It would be a strange Mystical Body did the members know and enjoy only the Head, but not one another. If you have filed your "Sign Post," reread "Enthusiasm for Heaven," issue of February, 1949; for example—"The City of God is not populated by beatified hermits. The social aspect of heaven is one of its high lights—the Communion of Saints at its best, including your parents, your wife and children, and all your friends who have not cheated themselves by endeavoring to thwart God." We have no reason to think that resurrected and glorified bodies will be invisible. Glorified souls will be well-balanced and will not need the seclusion of "psychological niches" to avoid distraction.

### **Marxian Theories In College**

*Am now retired, but I used to teach college economics. It was my practice to assign Marx for reading, then—during lectures—to refute his theories on value, surplus value, exploitation, his materialistic concept of history, etc. I let the students read Marx for themselves, lest they suspect I was smothering the Communists' presentation. But what to do nowadays?*—H. A., COCOA, FLA.

In all probability you followed the most advisable strategem, from both the pedagogical and religious viewpoint. Under the guidance of mature and expert interpretation, the absurdity or danger of erroneous and other harmful theories can be exposed. However, owing to the emergency circumstances nowadays prevalent throughout the world, any such procedure should be referred to one's diocesan authorities for advice and decision. We have in mind the reference in your letter to the current Papal excommunication. For a later issue of the "Sign Post," we plan a more ample treatment, apropos of colleges and other schools, of so-called required reading of questionable literature, aside altogether from any Communistic tinge.



Rev. Leroy McWilliams of Jersey City, N. J.

## A day in the life of a Priest

For the many Catholics who see their parish priest only at Mass on Sunday or administering the Sacraments, the manifold duties of the average American priest will prove a surprise

by JIM BISHOP

**A** PARISH PRIEST has precious little to do. He celebrates Mass in the morning, says his office in the evening, makes a sick call on old Mrs. Tuffanti, and spends the rest of the day smoking fat cigars, eating steaks smothered in meat cakes, and devising new ways of working two plate collections at each Mass next Sunday. It's a wonderful life, my friends, just wonderful. However, it's a bit depressing to report that it has no relation whatever to the truth.

We wanted to find out what an average parish priest does in an average day and so we phoned all the priests we know and some we do not know, asking for one who might fairly represent all. The result was mass clerical perplexity. One priest, answering his phone at 7:00 P.M., said: "Give me time to think about it. I have you on this phone, and someone is waiting on the other extension; there are two parishioners waiting downstairs, and I have a convert class tonight."

The soft life!

This was the Monsignor who finally suggested Father LeRoy McWilliams as a parish priest "whose work is admired by other priests." Father McWilliams is pastor of St. Michael's Church in Jersey City, N. J. He is short, compact, gray, pink of cheek, and bespectacled. He speaks softly, swiftly, and surely. As questions are rapped at him, he answers without pause.

You learn quickly that Father McWilliams has tremendous powers of indignation. Back in 1908, when he was quarterbacking the Paterson Seconds, it galled his sense of justice to learn that the Ridgewood team had stolen his signals and knew every play before it occurred. Ruddy with anger he stood on his own twenty, called the signal for a play around right end, took the ball around left, and ran seventy-five yards for a touchdown. His team won. Four years later he watched a diving contest and thought that the so-called champion was a poor diver. McWilliams got up on the board and won the crown. Fifteen years ago a woman proposed the formation of a birth control clinic in Jersey City. The article of denunciation which McWilliams sent to the press is still quoted when veteran reporters get together. The clinic was stillborn. It is no secret that Father McWilliams favored his own parishioner, John Kenny, against Frank Hague in the battle for mayor. No dictum came from the pulpit to vote for Kenny, but Kenny won.

Father McWilliams arises at 6:30. He used to get up an hour earlier, but now he has two assistants to take care of the early Masses. He washes and shaves and dresses in twenty-five minutes. At 7:00 A.M. he strolls through the corridor between the rectory and the church and reports to the sacristy to prepare for Mass. Almost on the

stroke of 7:30, he is before the main altar of his church with one altar boy and fulfills his sacred duty. At eight o'clock Mass is over, and he spends fifteen minutes in a prayer of thanksgiving. After that Father McWilliams has breakfast alone in the rectory. This consists of fruit juice, one soft-boiled egg, whole wheat toast, and coffee. At his other meals he drinks water. At 8:35 Father starts on his sick calls. On some rare days there are none. On others there are four or five. On first Fridays the calls swell into the dozens.

**S**T. MICHAEL'S is one of the biggest little parishes in the United States. Geographically, it measures six blocks in one direction and about seven in the other. But it is stacked with flats and tenements, and it is not uncommon for ten complete families at one address to be parishioners. In the old days, when the Horseshoe section was laden with the laughter and the tears of immigrants from Wexford, Mayo, Tipperary, and Cork, St. Michael's was bigger numerically than any other parish in the city. But now the Irish have prospered and the third generation has moved up "onto the hill" into the parishes of St. Patrick's, St. Aloysius, St. Aedan's, and Sacred Heart.

Father McWilliams is back in the rectory by 9:25 on the average day and begins to read his mail. This is a formidable correspondence, because Father



McWilliams supplements his spiritual work with civic duties. He is Moderator of the Mount Carmel Guild and each year raises about \$30,000 for their charity work. He is also vice-chairman of the Community Chest and a member of the Board of Governors. He is Chaplain of the Catholic War Veterans and is one of the top officials of the Red Cross. He is also chairman of St. Francis Hospital Nurses Training School, an official of the American Cancer Society, vice-chairman of the Citizens Planning Board, and during the war was chairman of the Food Panel of the War Price Rationing Board.

SO his mail is heavy. Most business men would consider it a day's work in itself. By 10:30 it is answered, and Father is off to make hospital calls. St. Francis Hospital lies diagonally across the street and the Jersey City Medical Center is two miles away. If, by odd chance, all of his people are reasonably healthy, Father McWilliams uses this hour to visit his grammar school and his high school. Slightly more than a thousand children are enrolled in both. They are taught by twenty-four Sisters, nine secular teachers, and three athletic instructors, all under the supervision of Sister Superior, Grace Antonia, who may someday surrender her brahmin Boston accent for the brand of base Brooklynese spoken on Erie Street. Sister is humbly proud that forty-two of the boys of St. Michael's are priests—one, the Rev. Wendelin Moore, C.P., is a contributor to THE SIGN—and more than 150 of St. Michael's girls are now

nuns. But her eyes sparkle and her long, snowy fingers clasp and unclasp with repressed joy when she mentions the new chapel in the convent. The walls are done in oak paneling and the pews are of solid walnut. Over the altar is a crimson canopy done in black and gold relief with an embroidered dove radiating beams of light in the center on gold cloth.

At 11:30 A.M. Father McWilliams pauses for prayer in the church. As a suppliant he kneels in a pew. The church is big and Romanesque in design. It was built seventy-five years ago and is one of the few equipped with a round tabernacle. A priceless sarouk rug cascades down the main altar steps, and the Italian-hung chandeliers are equipped with fluorescent lighting. In the basement is a huge auditorium, once damp and dismal. It is now warm and bright and has a stainless steel soda-and-snack bar, a fully complemented kitchen, and is used by all parish groups from the Holy Name Society to the Catholic Youth and Sodality down to youngsters who want to put on a play. Father McWilliams ripped out half of the old basement windows and walled the auditorium with marlite. During the depression, scores of thousands of the poor were fed free in this room.

At the stroke of noon Father McWilliams has dinner in the rectory. This is the big meal of the day and consists of meat, vegetables, dessert, and a glass of water. The writer had dinner with Father on a Saturday and, when fish cakes were served, the priest made a grimace and growled: "They don't feed you here." He is finished at 12:30

and, at that time, goes into a conference with his two assistants. They confer on the business of the parish. There is a free exchange of ideas and a fair sharing of duties. Each curate has his own sitting room, bedroom, and bath. The rectory, a big brick building, was built by the late Monsignor John A. Sheppard in 1916. Everything is spacious, including the kitchen. There are thirteen rooms in all.

At 1:00 P.M. Father McWilliams goes into the front office. This is equipped with a desk and chairs and the customary gilt portraits of archbishops, monsignori, and pastors of the past. One, between the two front windows, is of Monsignor Januarius de Concilio, a pastor whose name is barely recalled by the few. He was laboring at St. Michael's in its early days when his superiors asked him to draw up a catechism. He worked hard and when it was finished said: "That's the last I'll hear of that. It will go in somebody's wastebasket." He was wrong. What he wrote is what we call the *Baltimore Catechism*, an instrument used to teach the fundamental precepts of our Church to scores of millions. It was in use for fifty years without the change of a comma.

IN this hour after lunch, parishioners come in with all sorts of problems. Poverty, hardship, and heartache come in to sit close to the sheen of the black cassock and plead for help. Some, of course, are amusing. This is one of the few parishes, in this enlightened day, where an irate wife and a teeth-grinding husband will arrive together to submit their dispute to the



St. Michael's Church and Convent seen from the front of St. Francis Hospital. The rectory is on the left



In the evening Father often hears domestic troubles. He must act as judge, lawyer, referee, and best friend

arbitration of the priest. Now and then a young wife will come in unexpectedly to report that Paddy came home with more than a drop in him, and should she leave him now or wait until morning.

At 2:00 P.M. Father McWilliams goes out to keep whatever appointments have been made for him. Many of these are public meetings of charitable organizations. Father believes that the priest's prime and never-ending duty is spiritual work. But he also believes that a priest can do incalculable good by identifying himself with good works. "The priest," he says, "is the window through which the non-Catholic sees our Church. The presence of a priest often tends to break down prejudice and disposes people kindly toward our Church." Recently a well-known Protestant publisher, after serving with McWilliams on a charity board, grabbed the priest's hand. "You've opened my eyes," he said. "I didn't know that a priest could be helpful and so human."

At 4:00 P.M. Father is back in the rectory. After making sure that all parish business is under control, he takes a walk. As a one-time athlete, he places a high value on physical trimness. When he goes for his walk, he is ostensibly out to get the afternoon newspapers but usually walks through a good part of his parish, nodding and swapping pleasantries. When he returns, he stops in the church for prayer. After that, when eye fatigue permits, he scans the papers and tries to keep abreast of the world.

At 6:00 P.M. supper is served. This one is long on conversation and short on food. His curates tell him what they

have been doing. In the old days Monsignor Sheppard used to have a blackboard in the rectory hall and priests had to write on it the exact time of leaving, the destination, and the time of arrival back in the rectory. Anyone who was overlong on a trip was given time at the next meal to give a detailed explanation.

At 7:00 P.M. the rectory doorbell begins to ring. These are the evening callers. Like the afternoon callers, they have problems. They want to arrange for Requiem Masses, Nuptial Masses, christenings, or maybe Paddy came home stone sober and beat his wife up. This goes on for two hours, unless there are evening devotions.

Around 9:00 P.M. Father McWilliams retires to his room. He has been at his work fourteen hours, a situation no good union man would tolerate, and yet he has done no more than thousands of other parish priests. He sits in a deep, leather chair and reaches for the magazines and books he has promised himself to read when he "gets the chance." There is no sound at the door, but Father suddenly stands and says: "It's himself wants to come in." Himself is Michael, one of the biggest great danes in captivity.

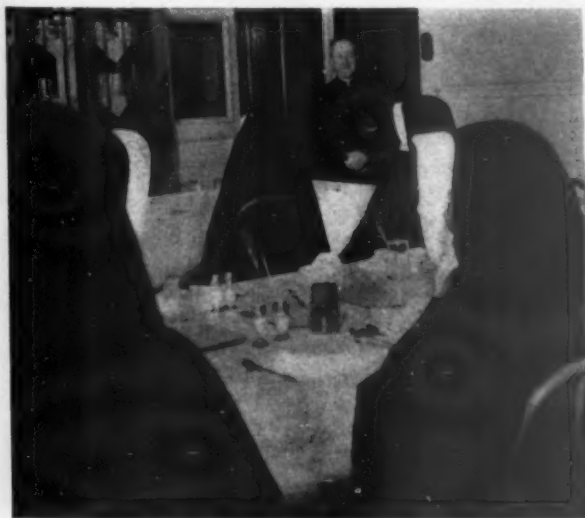
Years ago a parishioner phoned the priest and asked if he'd like to have a dog. "Yes," Father McWilliams said, "I always liked dogs. How big is he?" The parishioner sighed windily. "Roughly father," he said, "about half your size." It was a dane. When he died, Father got "Himself." And no feet tread the precincts of a rectory with more quiet dignity.

The dog settles himself halfway

across the room with head on paws watching the priest read. Father McWilliams turns on his radio if there is a good "Whodunit" mystery. If not, he leafs through *The Catholic Messenger*, *THE SIGN*, and *Baxter's Economic Service*. If his eyes tire he dwells, like most of us, on boyhood days when his father was commissioner of the Police and Fire Departments of Paterson, N. J. Two of Jim McWilliams' sons became priests. The third graduated from Annapolis and became a Navy officer.

Today, Father McWilliams thinks that his long talks with Father Paul Guterl, first assistant at St. Joseph's in Paterson, had a big bearing on his decision to study for the priesthood. LeRoy McWilliams went to Paterson High School and then to Seton Hall. He spent four years in the college and three and a half in the seminary. There was a war on and priests were needed, so LeRoy McWilliams was ordained on December 21, 1918. Two days later he was sent to St. Michael's Parish in Jersey City. After thirty-one years, he is still there. He has been pastor for the past eleven years.

Toward eleven o'clock, his head begins to nod in the chair. Himself watches unblinkingly. Father gets up, yawns, and goes into his bedroom. Michael gets up, turns his huge frame around twice, and drops to the floor. His eyes squint closed. The bedroom door shuts and, barring accidents, gunplay, or emergency calls, Father McWilliams' day is done.



In the school twenty-four Sisters teach a thousand children. Above, the Pastor discusses school problems



In the late evening Father catches up on his reading. Above, he reads "The Sign" as the dane, Mike, looks on

# Portuguese Castles in Miniature

The story of one of the most unique social centers in the world, and how it came into existence



A student repairs the lantern in front of the replica of the main building of the old University.



Children play in the garden. The flowers and shrubs are scaled to the small buildings.

● Underprivileged children in the Portuguese university town of Coimbra don't have to dream of living in palaces. They actually have an entire selection of these dream homes at their disposal.

A Coimbra professor, Dr. Dissaya Barreto, got the idea that the underprivileged tots of the town ought to grow up in surroundings that recalled the architectural and cultural glories of ancient buildings of Portugal. So, calling on all the local talent of the country and spending millions of dollars, he managed to have built a finely detailed miniature of Coimbra. Today the children play in this miniature university town, doubly conscious of the fine architecture that made the town famous the world over.

In addition to the university buildings, an attempt has been made to reproduce many famous buildings from all provinces of Portugal so that the children can learn as they play.

Living among such highly artistic surroundings impresses the tots favorably and elicits respect for the culture of their country. And, of course, the modern facilities of the surrounding organizational buildings where the children eat and sleep rounds out the factors that make for a happy and healthy life.



The doorway of the University in Manueline style. It is duplicated here to the very last detail.



**A SIGN PICTURE STORY**



The children play around a real fountain in Salazar Square, named after the President of Portugal.



The bell tower of the University model looks down on the children playing "Ring Around the Rosie."



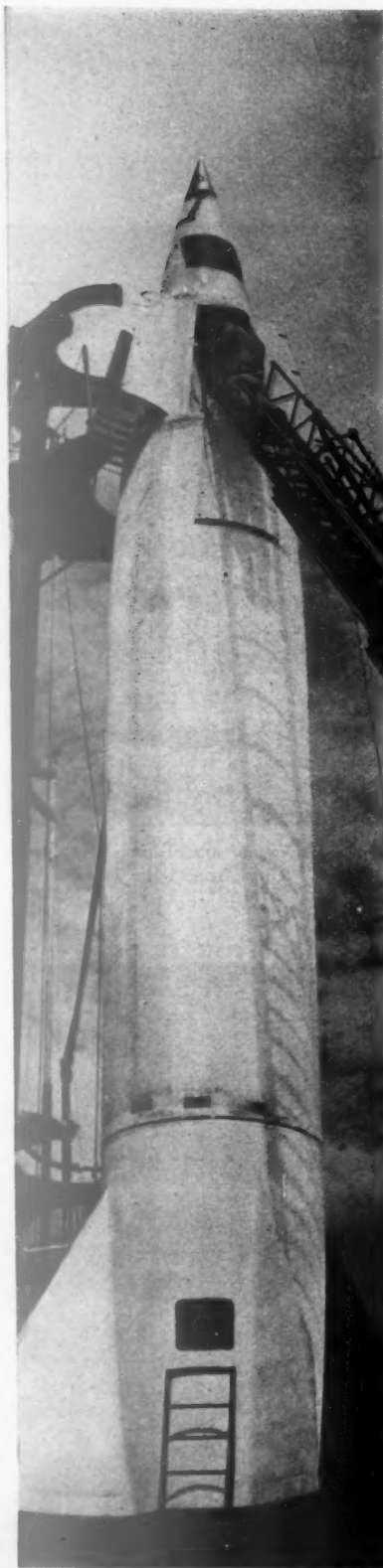
The tiny tot at the window shows the scale of the building. An exact replica of a local monastery.



The Administration Building in the background is only one story high—in scale with miniatures.

# JUST PUSH A BUTTON

In the next war, commandos may be outmoded by peaceable looking white-collar workers at switchboards



*A V-2 Rocket, the firecracker that almost won for Hitler*

AAF Official Photo

THE slogan of our age might be, "Just push a button!" Almost every gadget of our mechanical daily life has a magic button which need only be pushed to start electrical current flowing, motors whirring, gears meshing, and wheels spinning with the result that clothes are washed and ironed, food is cooked, music is created, athletic contests enter the living room, automobile doors are opened and windows are lowered.

We run our world with our finger tips. A little pressure here, a little there, and all sorts of magic take place. We push little buttons to make big things happen; perhaps some day not too far away one of us will sit before a master control board and push buttons which will bring an ironic close to our push-button civilization. It could happen, you know.

Long years ago war was a kind of game where plumed knights rode gaily into battle on beautiful horses. It was a gallant game where skill and personal courage played a leading role. For centuries war retained this spectacle quality so that even at the outset of the Civil War we find hundreds of carriages bearing the more daring ladies and gentlemen of the era riding out to watch the soldiers do battle. A soldier was a romantic figure, something like our present-day college football hero.

But the romance has gone from war—if it ever truly existed. For now war is not a science; it is science. The plans for war are made in laboratories; they are carried out in laboratories. War is rapidly becoming foolproof. Personal courage, individual skill, patriotism, whatever they may have counted in the past, mean less every day in the waging of a successful war.

In World War II we saw the first hint of the type of war we may expect in the future. Ships which could not see each other duelled across miles of ocean; airplanes which gunners never saw were shot from the skies; cities which appeared only as spots on a screen were bombed and burned. This was the first real taste of push-button warfare.

The target in any war is a country, in other words, a people. Armies and navies have fought to protect the country and the people they represented. When the armies and navies of one or more countries were brought to heel, those countries were then subjugated, their people conquered. In Roman times the people were led off in bondage; in modern times the people have been tortured, gassed, roasted, starved, or whatever other means of destruction modern civilization deemed suitable to a conquered people. But this has come—in the past—only after armies and navies have surrendered. The war of the future does not need to concern itself with armies and navies. They can be bypassed completely. War can be brought directly to your front door and mine.

The last days of Nazi Germany showed what we might expect in the future. In its death throes the Third Reich launched its last and most dreadful weapon; a weapon which, in the opinion of military experts, missed turning the entire tide of the European war by a mere six months or less. The "Buzz Bomb" came a little too late to eliminate England from the war and render the British Isles useless as a base of operations. Had Hitler's military men been able to launch the "Buzz Bomb" on a large scale in the fall or early winter of 1943 and followed it in a few months by V-2, the far more terrifying rocket bomb, the invasion of Europe might never have taken place.

Suppose for a moment this situation. Two powers are negotiating, as the United States and the Soviet Union are doing today or as the United States and Japan were doing in 1941. One power decides the time is ripe to launch the war they were both apparently trying to avoid. What would it be like? Would it be a Pearl Harbor? An invasion of the Russian frontier? The Polish border? The Lowlands? Not at all. Long-range bombers carrying guided missiles could launch their destruction hundreds or even thousands of miles from the country being attacked. The missiles as well as the bombers would be traveling at



by **JAMES BERNARD KELLY**

International

supersonic velocities at altitudes of ten miles or more in the air. These missiles, guided by either electronic or celestial navigational devices, would not have to be so accurate as to land right on the middle of a railroad yard.

If the "head"—explosive—of the missile was an atomic bomb, any number of places near the yard would do. A residential area, particularly if it were composed of apartment houses, would do quite nicely. Trains cannot run without engineers, fireman, brakemen, switchmen, dispatchers, and all the others. Communications can be destroyed either by killing equipment or killing the operators of the equipment. Soldiers cannot move without a means of transportation. Therefore, why worry about soldiers? That's old-fashioned.

It really won't matter in the future whether you are drafted or not. A job in a war plant, a family to support will have small significance. The streets on which you walk today on your way home from work, on your way to the grocery store or to church may be the battlefields on which the next war will be fought. The "enemy" can now conquer you directly. He doesn't have to go to the roundabout way and first defeat your armies and your navies.

Is this an attempt to frighten you? Yes, quite frankly it is. It is a serious attempt to help you realize that wars as they can be waged need not be the impersonal things which soldiers fight in far-off and unpronounceable lands. How far are guided missiles and push-button warfare developed today? I cannot say, and if I could I would not. Some men have said that push-button warfare is in the dim and distant future. Maybe they are right.

**H**ERE are interesting facts which make me as skeptical of scientific and military soothsaying as I am of other kinds. In 1941, when Japan attacked the United States, this country did not have a single fighter-type airplane in production which was capable of traveling 400 miles an hour. It was not until the end of the war that the

United States Navy had a carrier-based fighter which could exceed 400 miles an hour. And it had no airplanes which could exceed 500 miles an hour. Today there are no fighters used by either the Air Force or the Navy for daytime operation which do not exceed 500 miles an hour, and many of them exceed 600 miles an hour, while a few have exceeded the velocity of sound—approximately 750 miles an hour at sea level. Therefore, in the space of less than eight years the speed of fighter-type aircraft has been doubled and the end is by no means in sight.

As late as January 1, 1945 the United States did not have a single combat-type aircraft powered by a jet engine in flight and at the conclusion of the war still did not have a single jet airplane that was capable of combat flying. Yet today both the Air Force and Navy are relying exclusively on jet airplanes for many of their missions.

I mention these points merely to emphasize the speed with which science can develop new weapons when the pressure is applied. There is no better example than the atomic bomb. No one would have dared to predict its existence or the possibility thereof in 1941. So when a scientist or a military man says push-button war is five, ten, twenty, or fifty years off he is only guessing. He told us that Russia couldn't produce an atom bomb until 1952. We know differently now.

Frequently, people talk about war—and there are entirely too many people in the world who are convinced of its inevitability between the United States and Soviet Russia—as though it were a thunder shower in the late afternoon of a hot August day. War will clear the air! Oh, they never say those words, but they imply them. Literally, any war of the future will fill the air with a destruction seldom realized by man.

Let us look for a few minutes behind the scenes of modern war and see what the Pandora's box holds for us. What are these dreadful weapons? How do they work?

Without going into technical details,

push-button warfare would be built around a weapon such as this: a guided missile similar to the V-2 rocket which the Germans used at the end of World War II, a war head or explosive which could be standard explosive or an atomic bomb, and a means of guiding the missile from a remote position. The name, push-button, comes from the fact that the missile can be released and guided by a system of buttons and dials.

**A**T present, rocket missiles fly at velocities far exceeding anything known to piloted aircraft and operate at altitudes as high as seventy-five miles. Therefore, there is virtually no chance of intercepting them in the manner fighter craft had intercepted bombers in the past. The only hope of interception is through jamming of the radio controls, precisely in the way one radio operator can jam the broadcasts of another operator. However, electronic or radio control is not the only means of guidance. The United States Navy is presently working on a celestial system of control which will completely circumvent the possibility of jamming by anyone.

It is doubtful at the present time that any control system will be completely accurate; that is, there is a good chance that missiles will not hit *specific* targets. Instead of pin-point bombing they will be useful for vicinity bombing. In other words a particular missile might not hit an aircraft plant, it might land in the workers' homes which are near the plant. If a sufficiently large number of missiles were to be sent out at one time, it would not matter too much whether they were accurate. The destruction would cover a wide area, and that is the purpose of modern saturation bombing. Whether an aircraft factory is destroyed or the people who work in it makes little difference; the net result is no more aircraft and this is the result sought.

To the sender of the missiles there is relatively small risk, for, although these missiles require skillful and highly trained operators, they do not need



the great numbers of men that a correspondingly large, piloted, air force would need. All the missiles are expendable, therefore no maintenance crews are needed. Unless there is a premature explosion of the missile itself, there are no casualties on the part of the sender when a raid is made. Therefore, he need not worry particularly about the target he chooses; he can be free to choose almost any target he wishes.

As of today there are probably no missiles in existence which could span the Atlantic Ocean by themselves. They would have to be carried by a parent airplane which would release them at some distance considered reasonably safe for the carrying airplane and direct them to their target. Defense against this sort of attack is a very tricky business, for bombers never actually appear over their targets. The missile of the future, in the words of an American Air Force general, "will travel five thousand miles by itself." What is more, this general hopes that it will be capable of carrying *tons* of explosives rather than *pounds*.

The "old-fashioned" TNT bomb in order to be very destructive to modern steel and concrete construction must be large. The atomic bomb can be quite small and, therefore, a larger and longer range missile can be used. The same is true of fire bombs, which need only weigh a few pounds each.

While the danger from the TNT bomb or the fire bomb is direct and known immediately, the danger from the atomic bomb is more subtle. It is direct and indirect. Its immediate effect is the destruction of everything in the vicinity. For instance, if an atomic bomb, as now made, were to land in a large American city, it could *collapse all dwellings* within an area of ten square miles; damage beyond repair all dwellings in an area of thirty-one square miles; and render uninhabitable all dwellings within an area of seventy-one square miles. Now this, of course, is an estimate. It may be wrong and

greatly exaggerated; but, exaggerated or not, I would prefer not to find out by experience.

This, however, is only part of the damage, the direct damage, which the atomic bomb can do. If, instead of directing a bomb at a city, one were directed at, let us say, the Mesabi iron range, the ore would be made radioactive and useless. Thus, without any resort to destruction of life or finished manufactured products, the "enemy" could virtually destroy our ability to

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• Each man should cut a niche for himself — not chisel it.

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produce steel. At the same time the exposure to the dread gamma rays could render thousands and perhaps millions of people sterile, thus enslaving a nation without resort to concentration camps.

It is generally agreed that, if an atomic bomb were to land in such areas as Manhattan, Brooklyn, or the thickly settled areas of any large city, as many as a quarter of a million people could be killed in the initial explosion and that other casualties might run up to double or triple that number. Nor are these immediate casualties the only part of the story. Geneticists are worried about the long-range effects of exposure to gamma rays; that effects which do not appear in the generation exposed may turn up in subsequent generations. In experiments with certain agricultural products, it was found that considerable mutation was noticeable after several generations of breeding. I am drawing no conclusions from this; I am only suggesting that scientists grant the possibility of many and unknown problems arising out of an atomic bombing.

There are other phases to this new type of warfare. The remoteness of the destroyer makes the war extremely impersonal. The mere jabbing of a button or the twisting of a dial which may send hundreds of thousands of men, women, and children to their deaths

makes war as simple and as personal as tuning your home radio to your favorite program. There need be no formal declarations of war, followed by a period of intense preparation, bond-selling tours by beautiful show girls, loud and stirring parades. Modern war can be quite simple.

On a bright Sunday morning as you read your newspaper in the quiet of your living room a terrifying explosion is followed by blinding light. Your home quivers and before you can move from your chair it collapses. Maybe you are not killed immediately; you may live for yet another bomb, so may your wife, your children. You may even live through the entire war and be a member of the "victorious" nation. But, really, what victory have you won? Modern war could do in weeks what World War II took years to do. And then? How long will it take the world to recover from the war so recently concluded on the battlefield?

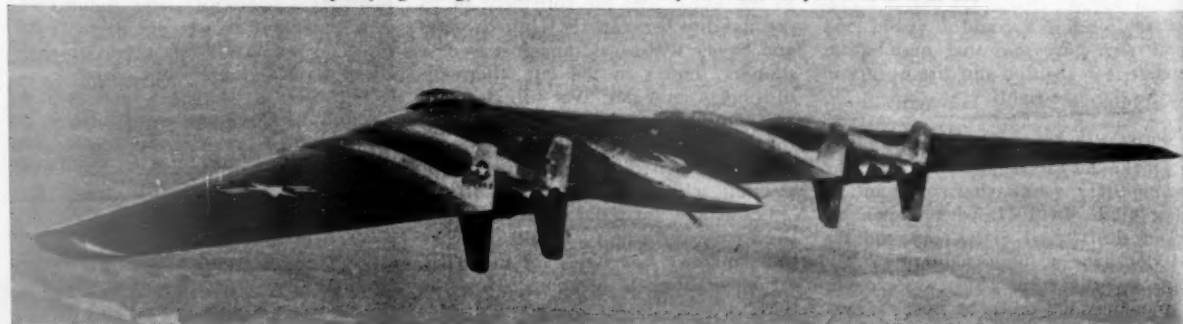
Could the world in the space of one man's life recover from a war waged with guided missiles, atomic bombs, and bacteria? People say such a war would not end civilization. Perhaps they are right, for may not civilization be already ended when such weapons are being developed for use against mankind?

I do not claim to have the answers to these questions; I would not be so egotistical. But I do know that modern war with its mechanization can enter your home and my home, that this type of war makes every street in every city in every country of the world a potential battlefield, that human life becomes sickeningly cheap and unimportant, and that no matter how horrible anything in the past might have seemed it cannot hope to equal the inherent possibilities and probabilities for horror in the future.

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**JAMES BERNARD KELLEY** is a Naval Reserve Officer who knows the military mind well. He is now chairman of the Physics Department at Hofstra College.

*The Northrop Flying Wing, streamlined carrier of destruction for World War III*



Photo—General Electric Co.

# SPORTS...

by **DON DUNPHY**

## **Norman "Red" Strader**

A year ago at the final press meeting of the New York Football Yankees, just before the close of the season, Pat Robinson, ace sports reporter for International News Service, got to his feet and said; "Red, we of the sports-writing fraternity want to thank you for the most illuminating series of press conferences that it has ever been our good fortune to attend. We got more information from a few minutes with you than we got from some coaches all season."

Pat's words were directed to Norman (Red) Strader, head coach of the New York Yankees, now the Brooklyn-New York Yankees of the All-American Football Conference. Since we are devoting most of our copy this issue to the men behind the scenes, I thought you would like to know a little bit about Red Strader.

Red has been active in both baseball and football since his undergraduate days at St. Mary's, where he served as both coach and player. He was born in Newton, N. J. on December 21, 1904. When only six months of age he was taken to Ceres, California, ten miles from Modesta, which is eighty miles from San Francisco. And it was in that valley that he made his athletic name. By 1922 he was enrolled at St. Mary's, a crack fullback on the football team and a hard-hitting catcher in baseball. In 1924 the late Walter Camp named him on his third All-American. In 1926 he was a good enough baseball player to be invited to the Florida training camp of the Cleveland Indians. Farmed out to Saginaw, he later played baseball at Hollywood and Wheeling, West Virginia, and doubled in brass by footballing with the Chicago Bills (1926) and the Chicago Cardinals (1927).

Three-sport coach at Regis College (Denver) from 1928 through 1931, Norman the Redhead returned to his Alma Mater in 1932 to become freshman football coach. Slip Madigan selected him as assistant coach in '33, and in 1940 he was named head coach at St. Mary's for two seasons.

In 1942 Strader enlisted in the Navy and rose to the rank of lieutenant commander before he was discharged in 1945. In the service he coached at Whitby Island, Camp Perry, and Sampson. At the last encampment he tutored such luminaries of the diamond as Mickey Owen, Tony Lupien, Eddie Yost, and Huck Geary. In 1946 he was signed by the New York Yankees organization in the dual role of assistant football coach and baseball scout for the Bronx Bombers' vast diamond farm holdings.

On September 17, 1948, after the football Yankees had suffered three straight Conference defeats, Strader was named as a replacement for Ray Flaherty, who resigned. As head coach Strader had a five hundred mark for the remaining ten games, but he demonstrated unusual capacity for field direction and leadership. He set about at once planning the big switch to the T-formation for 1949.

Strader, besides being a fine field leader and coach, is also a keen and alert executive who realizes the important parts his assistants must play in a successful undertaking. To that end he has secured the best available. Among them is Jack White, former Manhattan College grid star, who can solve any football problem on the field, in the office, on the road, or in the scouting department.

Strader's backfield coach is Bernie Masterson, who in his playing days was the quintessence of quarterbacking. He played it with rare skill for the University of Nebraska in 1931-32-33 and then went to the famed Chicago Bears, where he starred from 1934-1940.

The line coach under Strader is Mel Hein, acknowledged everywhere as the all-time All Professional center. After finishing his great career with the football Giants, Mel coached at Union College, Schenectady, for four years and joined the Los Angeles Dons coaching staff for two years.

## **Ed Danowski**

This will be Ed Danowski's fourth season as head coach of football at



**Red Strader**



**Ed Danowski**



**Joe Lupchick**

Fordham University. Victories did not come easily for the Rams in the last three seasons, but better days lie ahead for both Fordham and Ed. The Maroon mentor feels that the 1949 team will be the best since the resumption of the sport in 1946, but he makes it clear that no miracles should be expected of the Rams this season.

Ed Danowski went out for the freshman team at Fordham in 1930. A fine all-around athlete at Riverhead High, he had a fine reputation when he came to Fordham. On the frosh he was John Del Isola's sub at fullback. But he wouldn't be denied, and in the spring drills of 1931 Major Frank Cavanaugh quickly saw that the big fellow had the makings of a fine back.

A steady performer on the once-defeated 1931 Maroon, Ed didn't rise to stardom until the St. Mary's game the following year. The Gaels were heavily favored, but Danowski, at the left half-back spot, threw two touchdown passes, quick-kicked beautifully and called the plays to spark the Rams' 14-0 upset victory. For the remainder of that season and in 1933, when he captained Jimmy Crowley's first Fordham team, Ed was one of the nation's outstanding backs. Grantland Rice selected Ed and Del Isola, who had been shifted to center, on his All-America second team in 1933.

The days of greatest renown for Danowski, and for Del Isola, too, for that matter, were with the New York Football Giants. From 1934 through 1939, Danowski completed 307 passes out of 645 attempts, called the plays, and was twice All-League choice as Steve Owen's men won five Eastern and two World's Championships. Ed Danowski ranks with the immortals of professional football. Looking back on a glorious career, Ed thinks that the 1938 Champion Giants, with Mel Hein, Tuffy Leemans, Ward Cuff, Del Isola, Nello Falaschi, and Ken Strong, was the greatest team with which he ever played.

While with the Giants, Big Ed was also earning his Master's Degree in Physical Education at Columbia University. After retiring from the Giants, he went to Haverstraw High School, N. Y., as coach and teacher. When war came he entered the Navy as a lieutenant and trained at Annapolis, Pensacola, and St. Petersburg before shipping off to Guam, where he served as recreational officer. He was discharged as a lieutenant commander in 1945.

Ed, who is also the director of Physical Education at Fordham, likes to hack around neighboring golf courses and do a little fishing. He is an ardent Giant fan—baseball and football. He now lives in Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

## Joe Lapchick

From football coaching we swing over to basketball to spend a few moments with one of the all-time greats of the court game, Joe Lapchick, now coach of the New York Knickerbockers. Big Joe, who left St. John's University in 1947 to coach the Knicks, has long since won a place among the nation's top court mentors, just as during his playing days with the renowned Original Celtics he was recognized as one of the sport's finest players.

Of the eleven St. John's teams Lapchick coached, four were the New York Metropolitan District Champions and seven qualified for the National Invitation Tournament, an annual event in the Garden. Two of these teams, those of 1943 and 1944, won the Invitation crown.

Forty-seven years old, Lapchick has been a basketball "name" for a quarter of a century. As a coach, his teams are clever, technically and tactically, reflecting sound teaching.

Joe was born, raised, and still resides in Yonkers, N. Y. He early learned his basketball with neighborhood teams. He launched his professional career with the Hollywood Inn five, a semi-pro outfit in Yonkers. Then came jobs

• **Echo:** The only thing that ever cheated a woman out of the last word.

• **The best way to rest tired feet is to take them to bed with you.**  
—DUBLIN OPINION

with Holyoke, Schenectady, and the Brooklyn Visitations before he joined the Celtics in 1922.

Lapchick remained with the Celtics until 1927, when the old American League was disbanded. Along with Dutch Dehnert and Pete Barry, Celtic teammates, he moved to the Cleveland Rosenblooms. He helped the Rosenblooms to two league titles, then moved to Toledo for one year as player-manager. He reorganized the Celtics in 1930, and they toured the country until 1936, when Joe accepted the coaching post at St. John's of Brooklyn. He had been with the Celtics eleven seasons.

At St. John's, Lapchick developed such outstanding college courtmen as Gerry Bush, Howie Vocke, George Palmer, Frank Haggerty, Dick McGuire, and Harry Boykoff. The last named holds the Madison Square Garden all-time single game scoring record of fifty-four points, made in 1947 against St. Francis of Brooklyn.

A tall man himself, he, ironically, has been handicapped in his coaching of the Knickerbockers by the lack of

one tall enough to cope with the other giants of the pro league. This year, they say, big man or not, Lapchick's Knickerbockers are the team to contend with in pro ball.

## The Two-Platoon System

The two-platoon system is here to stay, something typical of the trend toward specialization in American sports today.

Baseball has its relief pitchers and hitters who specialize in hitting in certain parks, but football seems to be outdoing any other sport when it comes to divvying up the jobs.

It used to be that a young husky would go out for his school's football team with hopes of becoming the regular left end, or perhaps he was a little young, so he might be satisfied with playing on the second team for a year. But now, when Junior reports for practice, the chances are that he'll be the second string defense right end, or maybe the coach will decide to use him as the offensive left half-back when the opposition employs a four-three-two defense. If the opposition doesn't use that kind of defense, Junior may be out of luck and have to sit that game out while somebody else gets the assignment.

That's the kind of football that's in store for you gridiron fans after the fine results it brought Red Blaik's Army team last year. For a while there was much criticism of the West Pointers, who could count on a fresh group of "shock troops" each time the ball changed hands, for employing two platoons.

But the rest of the colleges were quick to fall in line. When Columbia's Lou Little started practice for the Lion's 1949 grid campaign, he announced that he would use the two-platoon system. Little's decision was partly because he had lost his entire first-string 1948 squad, leaving this year's burden chiefly up to inexperienced sophomores, and partly because of its proven advantages in enabling a coach to keep a fresh team on the field. But he might have been mildly surprised when the Lions opened their season against little Amherst to find that the New Englanders also had employed two platoons. Sort of indicates that the rest of the colleges around are following suit.

The pro's have been using a virtual two-platoon system for a few years with marked success. Professional football is replete with specialists in kicking, passing, place kicking. . . . They even have fellows who do little but carry instructions from the coach to the quarterback.



# Woman to Woman

by KATHERINE BURTON

## Sex and Magazines

IN THE LINGO of the magazine world there is a phrase—provocative articles—which means, to put it bluntly, that such articles are expected to bring in a lot of reader reaction. But they are often unfair to readers in the sense that the material is not the important thing; more important to the magazine is the reaction pro and con.

I have seen two of this variety of articles in magazines this month. In the *Ladies' Home Journal* is a long one entitled "Male and Female." It is prefaced by photographs of two naked children, a boy and a girl. Now the nakedness of a small child is usually a charming thing, but in this case even the pictures seem, so to speak, provocative. In fact, I have already had three letters asking me to comment on the article, and two add that they have canceled their subscriptions. One wrote that her reason was that, after all, the magazine is supposed to be for the home and she is getting tired of seeing "sex discussed even for teenagers in a way that is offensive to healthy moral living." I am no superpurist myself, but I certainly agree with her.

I tried to read the article—it goes on and on interminably—by Margaret Mead, who is high in the field of mores, lares, and penates of aboriginal tribes. The difference is that our American children are not aboriginal. I am not sure that her study of "the way primitive societies prepare their young people in sex" will have for American mothers "valuable background knowledge in educating their own children for future happy roles as men as women—as husbands, as wives." It is true that, after relating customs and habits of these natives in faraway islands, the author in the end ties up these natives with us, but ineptly and for no logical reason since it is very doubtful if any of our children will take up that way of life. As an analysis of South Sea islanders, the article would have a value for earnest students of anthropology and allied sciences, but it would not then be prefaced by those two children who are merely attention callers to the article. What it is doing in a magazine for American women I just can't see. The serious scholar would not read it in such a magazine and young people would not read it for scholarly reasons.

## The Mother Symbol

IN LOOK WE FIND an article of the same kind, but this time penned by Vincent Sheean. It is on the subject of a woman for president of the United States. As far as being provocative, this one just about hits the bull's-eye. The one trouble is that much of it should be quoted and my space is limited. But here are a few gems from the jewel casket: We need a symbol in the world today, and the mother symbol is a very powerful one. . . . Practical aid to foreign lands is often misinterpreted—a symbol would do more to bring about peace . . . the mother symbol is very strong in Russia. . . . Much of the world is today still illiterate . . . words are not understood, and only a symbol of peace and good will can help. Finally, to bring about peace in the world a qualified woman elected to the presidency might turn the trick.

I have my doubts. However, I do not wish to be mis-

understood. I am for women. I may add that I am for men, too, and am willing to add children to the list. I think, too, that if the women of the world acted together they could bring about peace, if not next week, at least in the not too far future. But I don't think the way to start is with a woman president. She would have to be a whole lot more than a symbol, or next thing you know the smile would be on the face of the Russian bear. Then there would be peace all right—a long, long peace—and, as the hymn has it, "untroubled by the last of foes."

I don't want to have any woman be a symbol, nor do I think there is any sense in having a symbol. As for those mother symbols and mother goddesses of long ago, back of them were clever priests of various cults and emperors who used the idea for their own ends. Anyway, as I recall the old myths, I don't think any woman in the United States would fill the mother-goddess bill.

## Women in Public Life

AS FOR WOMEN in public life—we don't need symbols. We need women there all right, but why insist on president? Why not a woman on the Supreme Court? Or more of them in Congress? Why have we so sadly few in the UN? We ought to have our best women in all those places, not as symbols but as actualities. About all we need to get us into extra trouble just now is a woman as symbol. Diana of the Ephesians was set high—and where is her cult today? Our Lady is holding her own still—no symbol but a fact.

We could bring about world peace, and we would need nothing to succeed in that except a complete unity of forces. I think this well of my sex that I feel sure they would vote almost entirely for peace. The hard task is to achieve the practical unity. I had an idea about that too some time ago, an idea that seemed rather utopian at the time; but, when I read stuff like this mother symbol for president, my idea looks sweetly reasonable. I thought that the women who head columns in magazines and newspapers, in this and in other lands, might all get together and on a certain day suggest to their readers that the latter send their names in to them as being for peace, first, last, and all the time. No more killing of sons who have just grown up or of young husbands and fathers, no more blasting of babies with bombs, no more taxes for destruction only—just sane and sensible peace. Millions of women's names produced like that might make lawmakers blink; it might even make them think. And it would be very inexpensive, involving for each woman only a three-cent stamp.

We have women who might make good enough presidents. But what could they accomplish against present inertia, bad politics, selfish interests? I can easily mention names—Dorothy Thompson, Clare Boothe Luce, Judge Florence Allen, Elinore Herrick. But who would insult any of these thoughtful women by calling them a symbol?

My candidate, in case a woman president is called for, remains the one I came out for some years ago—the one woman who really could change things and bring peace—Catherine of Siena. It seems a pity we cannot borrow her back from Heaven for a while.



# The Gift

ILLUSTRATED BY HARVEY KIDDER

by ROBERT CORMIER

Joyce's mother had not meant to be  
cruel, but a hungry heart cannot feed on indifference

I.  
SHE was waiting for Joe. It was twilight, and soon he would come walking down the street, his long arms swinging to the rhythm of his steps. Joyce sighed; she felt like a little girl about to go on a merry-go-round for the first time.

Her mother came into the room and sat down near the table. Joyce looked at her prim lips, wishing they would break into a smile. She wanted her mother to smile at her, to put her arms around her shoulders and wish her all the happiness in the world. Instead, Joyce stiffened, waiting for inevitable words that were to come.

"So you're leaving me, Joyce? Leaving me all alone. I'll be alone, you know."

Joyce looked out of the window. "Mother, you've known for months that Joe and I were getting married but you wouldn't admit it to yourself. And I've been telling you for a week that tonight

Joe and I were going to see Father Charland about the banns."

Let her be tender, Joyce thought, let her forget the arguments, the bitter predictions, the warnings.

Her mother said: "You're so young, Joyce, barely twenty-one. How can he take care of you? You're such a baby. And how can you leave me, leave your home? You've got everything here. It was hard when your father first died, but you never went without. Now, you have a fine home, all the things a girl wants, and a mother who loves you. Haven't I always given you everything Joyce?"

Joyce looked at her, at the fragile woman who sat in the chair, the pinched face, the long, bony fingers. *Haven't I always given you everything, Joyce?* She is my mother, Joyce thought, and I have to answer that. . . .

II.

Because she was her mother and you are supposed to love your mother more

than anything else in the world, because her mother was alone and worked hard in the shop sewing shirts since Dad was gone, because of many things that she could not quite understand, Joyce selected the birthday present with care.

She did not have much money; most of what she was supposed to save went to the missions. When Sister Theresa at school talked about the missions and the poor people across the ocean who did not have enough to eat, Joyce felt guilty. She could not spend all her money for candy or movies, or even save it. Instead, Joyce brought the coins to school and put them in the Donkey Bank. When the money dropped into the slot, the donkey's head nodded. Sister Theresa said that the donkey was saying "thank you" for all the children across the sea. She would smile at Joyce and pat her head and say: "You're a good girl, Joyce."

Once in a while, when she became angry at something, really mad, so that

it was almost a sin, Joyce took the money and spent it freely on candy or paper dolls. But, afterward, a feeling of guilt would creep into her thoughts.

There was no guilt about keeping money aside for her mother's birthday, though. That was more important than all the missions in the world. Every week, she saved nickels and pennies, mostly pennies, and let the other children make the donkey's head bob. She could be patient, content in thinking that her mother's birthday was two months away, and soon she would have enough money to go shopping for the gift.

After school, Joyce would walk through the business section of Monument Park, looking in the store windows, inspecting the various displays. She would go into some of the stores and search the counters for the present that she knew, somehow, would be exactly right. Sometimes, bashfully, she touched the articles, almost caressing them.

One day, in Lucier's Department Store, she saw a knitting bag on one of the counters. Without even looking at the price tag, she knew this had to be the present. Just had to be. It was lovely—pink and blue, with flowers painted on the cloth. The handle was a natural wood color and would match the sewing basket her mother had. Joyce picked it up tentatively and then impulsively held it near her face. It smelled good and clean and new, just like her mother's sewing.

The price tag said 98c. She had forty-three cents saved already.

Mr. Lucier approached her. He was a kindly man, small and white, and Santa Claus always visited his store at Christmas time. Joyce was old enough to know that there was no Santa Claus, her mother had told her, but it was nice of Mr. Lucier to hire someone to play the part.

"Ah, something for your mother, eh?"

"Yes, Mr. Lucier." Then, shyly: "It's for her birthday next month."

That corroborated her feeling for the knitting bag. If Mr. Lucier thought the present was nice and she did, too, then her mother was sure to love it. "I'm saving my money. I've almost got half already," Joyce said.

"Well," Mr. Lucier said, stooping over, "tell you what. I'll put it away for you, if you're sure it's what you want, and then you can come and buy it when her birthday arrives."

She could smell the tobacco on his clothes and the clean odor of his closely shaved cheeks and it reminded her, somehow, of Dad and she was happy and sad at the same time. Mr. Lucier summoned Marie, one of the clerks, to store the gift in the back room and

Joyce watched the girl carrying it away. "Thank you, Mr. Lucier, thank you." Then, she hesitated. "You won't tell my mother, will you? It's . . . it's a surprise."

During the weeks before the birthday, while she was saving the last few pennies, Joyce could barely keep from telling her mother about it. Sometimes, she tried to talk to her mother about the birthday, but there was always some housework to do and her mother just smiled absently.

Once in a while, when she was sent to Lucier's for number two thread, the old man would bring out the knitting bag and let her hold it. And she would run home from the store, flushed with excitement. One day, in the thrill of realization, she lost the thread and her mother scolded her. While her mother punished her, she wanted to say: "I'm buying you a knitting bag for your birthday. I'm sorry."

As the day approached, a sudden thought alarmed her. She would have to wrap the present in a very special way. You just couldn't put it in brown store paper. Then she remembered that Sister Theresa had used some blue paper to wrap the Christmas gifts for orphans.

It was her turn to clean the black-

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• Proverb—a short sentence based on long experience.

—CERVANTES

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boards that day, and after the chalk had been washed off and the erasers had been brushed, she told Sister Theresa about the gift.

"A knitting bag? That's wonderful," Sister Theresa said. "You're mother's fortunate to have such a fine girl. And I'll help you wrap it too, with pink ribbon and blue paper."

Joyce radiated happiness. "Gee, Sister, it will look beautiful because the bag is pink and blue, too."

Because Joyce was young, the days passed quickly. Sister Theresa talked to her often after school and she seemed more like a friend now than a teacher. Finally, the day shone ahead. Her mother's birthday fell on a Saturday, and on the preceding Friday Joyce went proudly to Lucier's and counted out the money.

She handed the coins to Mr. Lucier and he put his arm around her. "What do you think of that, Marie?" he called to the clerk, "Joyce saved all this for a present for her mother."

Marie, occupied with inventory and with the prospect of working late that night, merely murmured something beneath her breath.

Mr. Lucier said to Joyce: "Don't mind her. You see, Joyce, in the world there

are many people who do not get pleasure out of living. Birthdays mean nothing to them. Christmas, too, means nothing. You know why? They do not know what love is. They cannot love. That's all. If you love someone, you have to buy them things, give them things—and when they give you something, you have to be happy, happier than anything. So—don't mind Marie."

Marie's attitude had taken some of the magic away, but as Joyce skipped along the street, with the knitting bag in her arms, the mood danced away. At school, Sister Theresa had remained later than usual so that she could help Joyce wrap the gift.

They laughed, both of them, as they took out the blue paper and the pink ribbons and the scissors. Sister Theresa noticed that there was no birthday card and she went to the cupboard and took out a box. Inside were eighteen or twenty greeting cards and she selected a pastel one, multicolored, with the picture of the Virgin Mary and the Christ Child.

Joyce's rapture knew no bounds. "Sister Theresa," she said, her heart full of love, "Mom will be so happy."

Her mother looked happy as she put five candles on the cake she had bought at the grocery store. Joyce hovered near the table and said: "Why not put on the right amount and then you can blow them out and make a wish?"

Her mother's birthday mood almost seemed to vanish. "Five candles are enough," she said matter-of-factly. "Wishes don't mean anything. You know that, Joyce; you're old enough."

While her mother prepared the meal, Joyce went to the bedroom and took out the package that held all her dreams. Sister Theresa had wrapped it beautifully, with little clusters of ribbon at diagonal corners. Joyce breathlessly set it on the table, on her mother's plate.

"Oh," her mother said, "what's this?"

Joyce, in a burst of love, began singing "Happy birthday to you," but her voice sounded funny alone in the room. Her mother, eyebrows lifted, opened the box. "Oh, it's fine," she said. "Fine."

"Is the color right, Mother?"

"Oh yes, the color's right."

"I thought it would match your sewing basket."

"Yes, it will."

"All those flowers on it, oh yes."

There was silence while her mother went to the stove. "Don't want the potatoes to be water-soaked," she said. "Ah, just right. Now, we'll eat."

Joyce said: "Don't you like the knitting bag, Mother?"

"Oh, it's fine," her mother answered, as she began serving the dinner.

In the next few weeks, Joyce waited  
(Continued on Page 79)



It would be wise to check  
the qualifications of self-styled  
experts on China before  
accepting their debatable verdicts

# IGNORANCE Or DISHONESTY?

by **WENDELIN MOORE C.P.**



*The Hon. Walter H. Judd spent many years as a missionary in China. He is an expert to be ranked with the foremost*

**I**N speeches and writings lauding American freedom of speech and freedom of the press, it is commonplace to suggest that the American people, by virtue of these freedoms, are given the facts on all important issues and thereby enabled to form their own judgments. Such a statement is *de rigueur* for all campaign oratory, from that of the President down. It is dinned into our ears and blazoned on the printed page so often that it has come to be accepted as true. It is all very flattering to the intelligence of the populace, who are thereby deluded into thinking their judgments, opinions, and persuasions on important issues and world problems have been formed by a studied consideration of the unbiased facts. This belief is further fostered by the American habit of polling "the man in the street." Yet it is contrary to the truth.

For the most part, what is given to the people—that is, what is readily accessible to them in periodicals and newspapers, and easily understood by them in the spoken word—is not fact but the conclusions of the so-called experts, and the judgments of the public are formed, not on the facts of the case but on the degree of their faith in the experts. Take the case of China, for example. Almost everyone has made a judgment, pro or con, in regard to the

tottering Nationalist regime. Yet very few, if any, know the facts. Our Congress does not. Even at this late date, the combined Senate Foreign Relations—Armed Services Committees delayed final action on making funds available for the rearming of the Atlantic Pact Nations until Vice-Admiral Oscar C. Badger could arrive from the Far East and testify with more facts on the advisability of adding China to the arms-aid program.

Certainly the people do not know all the facts. Until the recent issuance of the White Paper, the important facts of the Wedemeyer report were deliberately withheld from the people by the State Department. Even after the issuance of the White Paper, which purports to be a complete revelation of all the facts necessary for a judgment on the China Question, twenty-seven additional facts were still omitted from this last-word-on-China White Paper—as was brought to attention in an article in the October issue of *THE SIGN*. This belief that the American people form their own judgment on the basis of the facts is a platitude that is really a fallacy.

Making a judgment on faith is just as reasonable as making one on the facts within our own knowledge, provided the expert whose word we take is worthy of credence. There is danger,

however, that the experts, being human, leave the field wherein they can speak with authority and strike out blindly into the unknown. This is what some of the experts on China are doing. Recently Admiral Zacharias, a retired Naval Intelligence officer, testified on the television program, "Court of Current Issues," on the foolhardiness of further aid to the Nationalists in China.

The Admiral qualified himself as an expert on this question by recounting the years he had spent in the Orient and the cities he had visited—Hong Kong, Shanghai, Swatow, Amoy, Weihaiwei, Shanhaikwan, Tientsin, Peking—all of which would seem to rate him a weighty authority on China. Backed by his experience, he stated categorically that the people of China—which would mean at least the majority of the 450,000,000—have been disappointed and resentful against the United States for our support of the "reactionary" Nationalist regime; that there is a surging tide of Nationalism among the Chinese people, that they heartily support the Communists, and so forth.

Upon being asked when he was last in the interior of China—where most of the 450,000,000 people are—the Admiral began to hedge but, after much parrying with the question, was forced to admit that he had never been in the

interior at all, and that the impressive list of cities he had visited were all coastal cities—where the civilization is at least 150 years in advance of that of the interior, and the views of the people as much in divergence.

While the Admiral may be an expert on intelligence, military, and political affairs in China, he showed how inexpert an authority he is on the people of China by his answer to the query: "If the Chinese people are so heartily in favor of the Communists, why do hundreds of thousands of refugees fly before the Communist advance?" To this, he made the inane answer: "The Chinese people do not like a fight. They flee to avoid the battles!"

So it goes. State Department officials, military men, university professors, and correspondents who, by their years and experience in the cities in China, may be experts on the military, political, and economic affairs of China blithely dogmatize upon the reactions of the Chinese people to Communism and never once have they lived among the simple, unsophisticated country people who, after all, make up the bulk of that 450,000,000.

Ever since Earl Browder coined the euphemism that the Chinese Communists were "Agrarian Reformers," all the experts on China authoritatively state the "fact" that there is drastic need for land reforms in China. It is now the common belief among the American people that practically all the land in China is in the hands of a small minority of bloated, plutocratic, rapacious landlords, that the Chinese peasant and coolie are landless and destitute. Even the experts who favor the Nationalist Government have accepted this "fact," though they are bedeviled by it and hard-pressed to account for it.

This writer is a Passionist Missionary who has spent ten years among the people of the interior of China. In all our Missions, most of the houseboys and workers, who are of the peasant class—that downtrodden, landless class—own their own rice fields, and each year at harvest time they must be given time off to oversee the harvesting just like the most bloated, plutocratic, rapacious of landlords. The coolie carrier whom I employed to carry loads over the mountains to the neighboring mission and whose lot is so sentimentalized over by the "experts" was the same "merchant" from whom I purchased rice for the Mission—and he drove a hard bargain!

In a country town, you will see rickety shops displaying pitiful wares of straw sandals, loose cigarettes, scat-

tered heaps of peanuts, and sorry-looking oranges, presided over by wrinkled old men whose sad faces would melt your heart with pity. How can they ever support themselves that way, you will think! Like as not those old gentlemen are "playing at store," like children, and they have their own rice fields which provide the livelihood for themselves and their clan.

In the interior of China, where the family life is lived intact, all the descendants live under one roof—the married sons bringing in their wives to live in the ancestral home—and in the majority of cases, that home and the surrounding rice fields will be owned by the family. It is time this myth of the "experts" on the drastic need for land reforms in China was exploded. In the

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• Although charity is necessary for salvation, it is not necessary to know that one has charity; rather it is generally more useful not to know.

—ST. THOMAS AQUINAS

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United States, where democracy is boastfully claimed to be at its best, 56 per cent of the population are property owners. In China, where democracy is frankly admitted to be at its worst, 58 per cent of the population are property owners!

The "experts" blandly state the "fact" that the people long ago lost confidence in Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek and his government. This may be true of the cities where the comparatively few millions of people were within reach of foreign propaganda media—the movies, radio, foreign publications (and those of the Chinese Communists), and where the students in the universities were hopped up by Communist professors. But the people of the interior, up to the time of our recent Presidential election, had as much confidence in the Government as they ever had.

Like the American people, they were quite sure that the next President of the United States would be Mr. Dewey who had pledged support and more aid for the Nationalist Government. As long as America was backing the Government, the people had overwhelming confidence and went through all the outward show of patriotism. All the shops had fly-blown pictures of the Generalissimo; at public gatherings everyone momentarily snapped to attention when his name was mentioned; each Monday the principals of schools harangued their charges for at least an hour on the duties of citizenship, and how to grow up ardent patriots. How-

ever, when Mr. Truman, who had refused curtly any further aid to China, was re-elected, the Chinese people realized that they were betting on the wrong side. This also greatly, if not entirely, explains the shocking surrender of some of the Nationalist Generals. Their patriotism is not idealistic. It is practical, and they wish to be on the winning side.

The experts on the China Question, pro and con, argue pompously as to whether the Chinese people will accept Communism. This is all right for the Reds and their friends, to whose advantage it is to keep alive the illusion that the acceptance or rejection of Communism lies with the free choice of the people. But others, by this time, should know that no nation, not even Russia, has become Communist by the free choice of the people. In every country where it now flourishes, Communism was imposed by chicanery, treachery, and armed might. If the Communists win in China, the Chinese people will have no more choice about accepting it than had any other people.

There is, however, relevance to the question as to whether the Reds can control the vast millions of people spread throughout this sprawling land. The answer is definitely in the affirmative, provided the people have enough to eat and their family life is left intact. The Chinese are used to totalitarian rule. Up to the time the Generalissimo defeated the various war lords and brought them under his unified command, the people of the interior were accustomed to the totalitarian rule of the chief and peacefully accepted it, as long as they had enough to eat. They lived contentedly under the Japanese, and in close collaboration, in those areas under Japanese control during the war. Even now a harum-scarum crew of bandits can take over a town or village and life will go on as usual.

The Nationalist Government never claimed to be a democracy until the United States first made that claim for it. It was frankly totalitarian, temporarily so until the people could be educated to the responsibilities of democracy. When China was our cherished ally in the war, Americans were overdosed with our own State Department propaganda that China was a great democracy and her people bursting with democratic principles.

After all, what does the simple Chinese villager know or care about the principle of freedom of speech? All he wants to talk about is the price of rice and the gossip of the village. Freedom of the press? The Chinese working from dawn to dusk in the field has no time

to read, and in most cases has not the ability. If he has the ability and can obtain a book or a newspaper, he will not get much joy out of it of an evening, with the flickering ghastly light of a taper sputtering in vegetable oil, his only illumination. So the Chinese farmer will not be harassed much by being deprived of freedoms of speech and the press. He will gladly listen to anyone making a speech, since it will while away the dull hours of evening darkness and provide entertainment in lieu of the traveling show. The Communists laying down the party line are assured of great audiences in the villages, where any diversion is welcomed. What is to deter the Chinese peasant from signing a party card if it will be to his advantage? China would

emotions than the average Westerner. He is calm and impassive only when he is not thinking. Give him a thought and it excites him like an electric spark.

Many a Missionary has been chased from room to room of his house by a frenzied servant wildly brandishing a knife, made frantic by some slight loss of "face." Walk through a Chinese village and it will be like bedlam—friends shouting and gesticulating in companionable conversation, others yelling madly in heated argument, with perhaps a woman, after a quarrel with her husband, "cursing the street," screaming in uncontrollable fury for hours on end; now and then punctuating her curses with a resounding bump of her head against the street.



*Lt. Gen. Albert C. Wedemeyer and Rep. Charles Eaton exchange ideas about the economic-military aid necessary to fight Reds in China*

be nominally Christian today—on the books at least—if the Missionaries would accept all those who wish to be Christians for material advantages!

The Rosicrucians with their claims to esoteric oriental knowledge; the Sax Rohmer stories of Dr. Fu Manchu with their poker-faced, inscrutably calm Chinese; and the Hollywood movies with their imperturbable Charlie Chan have created the American illusion that the Chinese people—the 450,000,000 of them—are unemotional, stoically calm people with their thoughts turned inward upon some secret store of wisdom and mysterious knowledge. The fact is that the average Chinese peasant, ignorant, his intellectual life underdeveloped, has less control over his

Neither has the Chinese peasant any secret store of wisdom. His way of life is composed of a tangled mass of superstitions. He is deeply religious but with little doctrinal content to his religion. His religion is one of fear—the fear that horrible calamities will be hurled at him if he does not continually placate the many gods with whom he is menaced. It is time we abandoned our romantic notions of the mysterious Chinese and see him as he is!

The simple Chinese peasant has no interest beyond that of his family and his village, many of the inhabitants of which will be his relatives. Here is the limit of his horizon. He desires only to be left in peace to raise his food and his family, and he will cheerfully give

lip service to any authority which will grant him these liberties—as he did to the war lords and bandit chiefs, the Japanese, and the Nationalist Government—without being concerned about the ideologies of his rulers. He has no true patriotism, for his village is his country, and he is unaware of any special benefits received, or obligations incurred, apart from that village.

Even at the height of the Japanese War, when American propaganda hailed the Chinese as ardent patriots, recruits for the Army were gathered like criminals. Each village gave its quota of "recruits"—the poorest and sickliest lads of the village who had no money to buy themselves off, bound together lest they escape, and marched away under guard to distant places where it would be futile to escape. All this is no disparagement of the Chinese. It is recognizing him as he is—selfish, self-centered, unconscious of obligations apart from his family and his village—not because he is Chinese but mainly because he is pagan. Patriotism, being a virtue, can only flourish against odds and against one's own selfish interests, when it is shot through with Christian principles!

This endless speculation of the experts as to how the Chinese—the simple ordinary peasant and coolies who make up most of that 450,000,000—will be undaunted and unconquered by Communism is simply quixotic. Give them enough to eat, and respect the sacredness of the family, and the Chinese people will be content. The Reds will be wise if they do not interfere with the religion of the Chinese. Any crusade against superstition and ancestor worship would be an encroachment on the sacredness of the family. America will be wise if she refrains from all aid and trade with the Chinese Communists—the result of which will be a famine among the people. Only in this way, through his stomach or his family, can the Chinese of the interior be aroused against Communism. Then he is liable to go berserk and rush blindly against the naked sword. Opposition, if any, on the part of the people to Communism will not be ideological but primitive—from the basic need of the Chinese for sustenance and the integrity of the family!

Since the American people in their judgments on China are dependent on the opinion of the experts, it behooves them to recognize this fact and pick their experts carefully. They should give at least as much care to the picking of experts whose judgments they will accept as they would to picking horses in a race—with an eye for the points of the entrants, their purity of strain, and past running form.



# Christmas Club for Christ

Penny-Pinchers for Passionists



Please Get New Members for our Christmas Club

Passionist Missionaries, The Sign, Union City, N. J.

Dear Father:

The undersigned request enrollment in your Christmas Club for Christ. Send Mite Boxes.

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City, State \_\_\_\_\_

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_

City, State \_\_\_\_\_

**A  
Penny-A-Day  
For  
The Missions**

## NOVEMBER

### 55 Days to Christmas

The Passionist Missionaries are hopefully looking forward to Christmas. It is the season when the boundless charity of the members of our Christmas Club for Christ brings happiness to our hearts. We are very proud of all the members who most faithfully bank a Penny-a-Day for our Missions. God bless your generosity.

# Books

Edited by Damian Reid, C.P.

## THE PLUM TREE

By Mary Ellen Chase.  
The Macmillan Co.

98 pages.  
\$2.00



M. E. Chase

Emma Davis and Angelina Norton, nurses verging on the sixties, run an old ladies' home as a private venture. More than a venture, their work is something stabilized like a dedication or sacred like a vocation.

It has consumed their whole professional life and keeps them in a state of nervous fluster. Among their major cares are the constantly critical escapades of three feeble-minded octogenarians, Mrs. Rust, Miss Tiddle, and Mrs. Christianson. Mrs. Rust is always waiting for 4 P.M. when she plans to leave the old women and return to her home at No. 14 Vine Street. Actually the old home has been demolished and nonexistent for ten years. Miss Tiddle waits for 4 P.M. because she is convinced that she is going to die at that time. Mrs. Christianson's crotchet also pivots around four o'clock. She has the jolly notion that she is going to kill someone on the first convenient afternoon at that time. On this fifteenth day of May, 1948, these fancies have sharpened to the point where Nurses Davis and Norton must get the trio away to a mental hospital at 4 P.M. The transfer takes a lot of planning and not a little legitimate deceit.

*The Plum Tree* is a story of the surprisingly alive routine of an old ladies' home, and of the particularly dizzy pace of crisis on this one day in mid-May, while the stunted little plum tree blossomed on the front lawn.

A brief, pleasant story, which suffers almost not at all from the author's mistaken notion that the plum tree looms large as the dramatic focus of the tale.

RAYMOND J. STACK.

## FATHER FLANAGAN OF BOYS TOWN

By Fulton & Will Oursler. 302 pages.  
Doubleday & Co. \$3.00

"Lover of Christ and Man," the simple and wholly descriptive epitaph on the slab marking the burial place of Irish-born Father Flanagan, summarizes in

five words his precepts and practice; however, only by a curious kind of implication does it suggest his international fame and acclaim before his death in 1948. For in this present world it is almost as though to live by belief and by action as a "lover of Christ and man" is necessarily to win universal renown, so relatively rare is such an achievement.

Unlike large numbers of sociologists, Father Flanagan needed no impressive-sounding, jargonish verbiage to describe his theories, because they were not characterized by spiritual and intellectual thinness requiring padding and disguise. His own explanation of youthful unhappiness, trouble, and crime was built upon the assumption that there is no juvenile delinquency but that there is society delinquency, which, stemming from parental, family, and society selfishness, callousness, and neglect has forced some adolescents into error and maladjustment. And his disarmingly uncomplex, profoundly doctrinaire, and incredibly successful program of constructive aid and correction for boys, whose ages range from eight to eighteen years, included supplying the basic human needs of love, understanding, kindness, and religious instruction to those of all creeds and colors who came to his home.

In their account of the thirty-two-year development of Boys Town and of the life of its founder, the authors have produced a heartening and soul-warming biography of one of the significant spiritual and social molders of our time.

ELIZABETH MURPHY NYDEGGER.

## AGAIN THE GOOSE STEP

By Delbert Clark. 297 pages.  
The Bobbs-Merrill Co. \$3.00



D. Clark

This is another of those books through which sizzles an attitude of hostility toward American occupation policy in Germany. Mr. Clark backs a watered version of the Carthaginian formula for industrial

extinction sponsored by Henry Morgenthau, Jr. Demilitarization, denazification, democratization, and decarteliza-

tion have been, he thinks, only halfheartedly applied to a nation of chronic mischief makers, who are thinking of nothing but raising up another Hitler and kicking the world in the face. While the Germans are positively hostile to Russia, he warns that we must not kid our complacent selves that they love America. They love themselves, and dream hopefully of the day when the eastern and western slices of their country will be pasted together again, jackboots will parade the highways of the Fatherland, military bands will hypnotize to the giddy glamour of war, and Germans will be the occupiers of the rubble-strewn cities of their enemies. This is what Mr. Clark seems to think of the temper of the average German. His solution is: more denazification, more dismantling, more decartelization, and above all, more democratization—although he seems to think that it is too late now.

Mr. Clark claims that the German mind is naturally incompetent to approve democracy. But his facts suggest also another theory which has been put into words by other observers, namely that the democratic occupiers of Germany have made their brand of democracy look most uncharming and the Germans are not anxious to buy any. When the recent dearth of creative musical and theatrical effort in Germany, the loose morals, and dogged chauvinism are linked with Teutonic lack of democratic spirit, the reader is likely to scratch his head in wonder as to what these identical phenomena in America happen to be linked with.

While *Again The Goose Step* carries a theme, the presentation is not stifling and argumentative. Rather it is anecdotal, interesting, easy reading.

HELEN EVANS CLARKE.

## THE U.A.W. AND WALTER REUTHER

By Irving Howe & B. J. Widick.

309 pages.  
\$3.00

Random House.

The UAW was born in revolt, revolt against the speed-up which prevailed in the auto industry and revolt against the awkward attempts of the A. F. of L. to dismember a lusty industry of machine operators into overlapping craft unions. It forged its own traditions and

leadership on the anvils of internal bickering and external assault against the ramparts of the auto magnates. Impatient to organize the industry, it only heeded the advice of the CIO founders when it had all but capsized by scurrying between the Left and the Right.

The story of the UAW cannot be told without Walter Reuther. More than any other man, he is responsible for bringing it back into the ranks of the CIO right-wing unions. "He opposed the CP not because it was a political party, good, bad, or indifferent, but because it was the docile agent of a totalitarian power." After his election as President in 1946, he dispelled any thoughts of a staid, conservative policy by stating that the union's leadership "is committed to the kind of militant, fighting trade-union program that will mobilize not only our union but the people in America in support of an aggressive overall economic, social, and political program."

How well he has fulfilled this, the reader of this pungent story can judge. One of the authors comes from the union, so that this is more than a history. Here is the flavor, the heartbeat of the union, its dreams, its fights, its failures, and its victories. Bristling with ideas, vigorous and strong, the UAW will exercise a dominant force in molding the future of mass production industries.

JOSEPH P. CONLIN.

## F.D.R. MY BOSS

By Grace Tully.

391 pages.

Charles Scribner's Sons.

\$3.50

The author of this book served as private secretary to Franklin D. Roosevelt from 1932 to 1945. Needless to say, she did not want for material to construct what turns out to be a most readable biography of her "Boss."

Miss Tully concerns herself almost entirely with the minutiae of the President's life—his daily routine in the White House, the clothes he preferred, his favorite movie actress, etc. What the President of the United States said to the King and Queen of England over a rare-vintage liquor in the library at Hyde Park makes for very entertaining reading. Such intimate details also reveal "a human being, with moods and humors, whims and appetites, joys and sorrows like any other man." Miss Tully is concerned with the "human dimension" throughout; she sees her subject not so much as a President or Commander-in-Chief but as a human being. The larger aspects of presidential aims and policies are omitted.

The author makes no pretense of being open-minded about her subject, whom she describes as "one of the great souls of history." "The whole story," she writes, "is wound around my loyalty to the Boss." This unswerving devotion

frequently warps her evaluation of personalities who disagreed with the President and parted from his company. In her account of the breaks with Smith and Farley, the President comes off without blemish.

This is more panegyric than biography; serious students of the Roosevelt Era will prefer something more objective. Perhaps this is too much to ask of a private secretary.

C. P. BRUDERLE.

## THE GREENROOM

By Hamilton Basso.

287 pages.

Doubleday & Co.

\$3.00



H. Basso

A small village in southern France furnishes the locale for Hamilton Basso's latest novel. Rufus Jackson, young American editor, plans to visit Mrs. Leslie Porter, a famous novelist who is writing a book of memoirs to be published by his firm. Mrs. Porter, "an aging woman who would not yield to age," is still attractive, charming, and insanely jealous of youth. Jackson falls in love with Mrs. Porter's niece by marriage, lovely Nora Marsh. Nora is married to Mrs. Porter's nephew, Charles, but is separated from him because of his drinking. Mrs. Porter, catlike, watches these two drift into an affair, then pounces upon them with her knowledge. The rosy glow of what was to them a shining romance is extinguished, and they are left with the tawdry fact of an illicit love. Nora plans to divorce Charles and marry Jackson. However, her husband is shot and wounded in what was first supposed to be a suicide attempt. The shooting brings into sharp focus the unavoidable fact that Nora can never hope to find peace of mind in a second marriage whilst deserting her unstable and ailing husband.

There are several minor characters, all gathered under the roof of the inn where Jackson is staying. Their activities during the short period covered contribute considerable interest to the book. Characterizations are deft and vivid. While each is distinctive, there is, for the most part, one trait common to all. Moral standards are at zoo level.

In *The Greenroom* the author has, perhaps unwittingly, pointed up the sheer emptiness and futility of lives spent in endless self-gratification.

ANNE CYR.

## THREE MYSTICS

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We certainly don't have to tell **Sign** readers about Mrs. Hasley's articles: there are nineteen of them (her favorites) in this book. (\$2.25)

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NEW YORK 3

ters. To accomplish his purpose, the editor made selections from the mystical works of three geniuses, St. John of the Cross, St. Teresa of Jesus, and Domenikos Theotokopoulos known as El Greco.

If the touch of a master's hand be discerned in the editing, it would be chiefly in Father Bruno's selection of excerpts and paintings. He culled some of the best from the pen of the two Spanish mystics and the brush of the Cretan-born artist of Toledo. The more than eighty reproductions from El Greco, many full page and mostly portraits, enable the careful observer to visualize at least faintly the mystical element.

While this work is not biographical in scope in spite of the title, nevertheless, sketches of the three characters are included. Enlightening details on the personalities of St. Teresa and St. John, written by their contemporaries, are interspersed throughout. Of particular interest are the specimens of the saints' handwriting and a study of them to reveal character.

Was El Greco a mystic? Certainly not, if we may judge from the little we know about him. But if the definition is broadened to include what a person does, not just what he is, then El Greco, the mystical painter, was a mystic.

While this work will be found interesting and enlightening to the average reader, its greatest appeal will be to those who have a love for the contemplative and an appreciation of the artistic.

ANGELUS M. KOPP, O.C.D.

### THE DUSTY GODMOTHER

By Michael Foster.

248 pages.

Rinehart & Co.

\$2.75

*The Dusty Godmother* is a novel whose diction is simple, facile, and easy to follow, but whose characters are foggy and unreal and whose story gets off the road and into the woods.

Jim Kerry is one of the 50 per cent of married Americans whose marriages have been upended and one of the 33 per cent whose marriages have been dragged through the legal laundry of the divorce court. His wife has won full custody of their only child, a daughter named Julie, and has promptly provided herself with another mate. Jim meets Julie, a fourth grade school kid, every Friday afternoon in the local park. Eventually he falls in love with Anne Volland, a department store organist, whose father is a con-man and disbarred lawyer. By that rigorous law of romantic compensation, the more Kerry sparks Anne, the more he tends to stand up the little girl who waits for him in the park. She finally tumbles to the whole business through a rather frosty meeting with Anne and a nasty bit of gossip on the part of the old ex-

lawyer. The author drops the curtain on the old lawyer running away from a murder rap, Jim and Anne planning to legalize the sexual union which they have already established, and Julie staging a hyper-adult act of social martyrdom by removing herself from her father's life.

The author has been a newspaperman, which will account for the readability of the book and the authentic ring of his occasional descriptions of newspaper routine. But Julie is not genuinely a little girl; she is a middle-aged spirit in a ten-year-old body. Anne is one of those confusing novelistic anomalies, a very virginal girl who goes to bed with a man at her own invitation. Old man Volland is a stage villain. And the story. . . . Is it the story of Julie or the story of Anne?

DANIEL N. HENDRICH.

### DAYS BEYOND RECALL

By Roger Dooley.

446 pages.

Bruce Publishing Co.

\$3.50



R. Dooley

"A cake with several distinct layers"—that is the Buffalo of *The Days Beyond Recall*. And all strata—the decorative icing of the socially prominent class, the stolid, well-to-do Germans who

comprise the rich top tier, the pungent Irish sector, the yeasty Italian element, pushing upward, and the Poles, so far an unassimilated mass at the bottom—become ingredients for this literary potpourri, though the Irish Catholics of the First Ward predominate.

Valuable as a light sketch of the period rather than for the multitude of personalities who are introduced into the narrative, the book faithfully chronicles anything from politics to Sodality card parties to song hits in the 1901-1919 span. The author has, in fact, devised such an unwieldy relationship of Shanahans, Crowleys, Fitzmahons, Killoynes, Schautzers, O'Farrells, and Pfeists that the family tree could do with a bit of pruning.

Among the plethora of cousins, Tim Shanahan's daughter Rose steps immediately to the fore. Through her perspective, the World War I generation emerges from the phase of the Psyche knot, hansom cabs, and "The Glow-worm" to the era of liberty bonds, the devastating flu epidemic of 1919, and the birth of ragtime. Rose's marital fate dangles for the best part of twelve long years while every household tragedy, happiness, and achievement is marshaled into the act.

However, the pat situation, a notebook of historical background, and a heavy lacing of dialect, do not com-

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pletely compensate for a lack of finish in style and plot. In this respect young Mr. Dooley's second attempt at fiction is disappointing.

LOIS SLADE.

## DESERT CALLING

By Anne Fremantle. 364 pages.  
Henry Holt & Co. \$4.00

Charles De Foucauld, the subject of this biography, was a remarkable man. A nobleman and a graduate of the military academy of St. Cyr, he personified the Christian soul of France. The tricolor and the lilies blended harmoniously in his character. He was a modern composite of St. Anthony of the Desert and St. Francis of Assisi, the *Jongleur* of God—a combination of the ascetic and the active spirit.

Readers acquainted with the history of the French missionaries in North America will be delighted and edified by this moving story of their French compatriot in North Africa. The same spirit of adventure and self-sacrifice, the same zeal for souls and personal sanctification flames in both, in the forests and in the desert wastes.

A gay blade in his youth, Charles, after his graduation from the military academy, went to Morocco and explored that territory. There, amidst the grandeur of nature and its silence, he began to find his God. He returned home, joined the Trappists, and left them because the life was not strict enough for him. Later he went on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, became a hermit at Nazareth, returned home, and was ordained a priest. On returning to the Sahara, he lived a life of complete self-abnegation among the soldiers and natives, finally meeting his death at the hands of the tribesmen he loved so well in December, 1916.

Anne Fremantle has written well of this saintly man who helped develop the territory of North Africa and founded the Little Brothers and Little Sisters of the Sacred Heart—the man who built a spiritual oasis in the desert.

Father Tissot of the White Fathers, the first postulator of Father De Foucauld's cause for beatification, told the author that "he had never met anyone with such supernatural radiance. It was as though, inside the frail priest, someone was always singing for joy, so that, if you were quiet enough, recollected enough when you were with Charles, you, too, could hear Him." Readers of this book will find that sentence accurate.

FRANK HANLON.

## FAMILY FORTUNES

By Gwen Davenport. 278 pages.  
Doubleday & Co. \$3.00

*Family Fortunes* tells the story of the renovation of an old house in Kentucky and the unexpected good fortune that

THE SIGN



comes to the owner. The Brackenwood family has lived here for a hundred and fifty years, a span of time which has weathered brick and stone until they are almost indistinguishable from the soil and given the family a kind of security other people who move about do not have. But all this makes little difference to the present owner, who knows himself to be a little man and who wants a little fate. He does not fit into the frame of history and, as for the present the house is too cold for comfort. The picture of Simon Brackenwood shivering in the bed once occupied by Zachary Taylor, and on two occasions by Henry Clay, evokes a sympathetic laugh from the reader, though he is glad the house is not sold until the good fortune preparing for the Brackenwoods has come to its full time.

The author, who is the daughter of the late Vice-Admiral James Farquharson Leys, has written two other stories, *Return Engagement*, and *Belvedere*. She has a light and easy and sometimes beautiful style, a genuine gift for delineating manners, and a perceptiveness in regard to nature that in itself makes the book worth reading. The opening description has some of the cold, bleak beauty of Ellen Glasgow's novels. "All night long the leaves had been falling from the linden trees, as silently as snow, to join the brittle drifts under Simon Brackenwood's bedroom window." The house needs to be warmed and penetrated with life, a task made to hand for the author, who moves deftly from incident to incident in creating her story. If the critic is inclined to think that the story on the whole turns out too well, he must remember that there is no valid reason why life, both within and without novels, should not turn out well.

N. ELIZABETH MONROE.

## YOUR AMIABLE UNCLE

By Booth Tarkington. 192 pages.  
Bobbs-Merrill Co. \$2.75



B. Tarkington

These are letters written by Booth Tarkington to three of his nephews, giving a blow by blow account of his first European trip. They are full of the garrulous nonsense that benevolent uncles have used since the time of Cain and Abel, when belabored to entertain young nephews. The most lurid sights of Europe are toted out and dressed up to shock young Hoosiers into rapt amusement. Historic personalities are given enough of an ironic twist to notify the boys that Uncle Booth is kidding. There is hyperbole in almost every line. In these

amiable letters, any uncle can stand aside and see Mr. Tarkington pull all the hammy tricks that he had thought were his own private inspiration for handling successfully the problem of associating with one's brothers' or sisters' children, particularly boy children.

Perhaps the contemporary uncle (or aunt) reading these letters will get the impression that Uncle Booth was a mite stuffy as a correspondent, that the letters are a little drippy with self-conscious authorship. He (or she) should remember, however, that by this time Tarkington was a tremendously successful author, and awareness of authorship is a vastly more unsettling psychological hurdle than awareness of unclehood.

RALPH LOWERY.

## MARY

By Sholem Asch. 436 pages.  
G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$3.50



Sholem Asch

Recalling all the vile insults leveled at Mary by the Rabbis of the centuries of Jewish-Christian controversy and the infamous *Toledoth Yeshu* so widely circulated among the Jews of the Middle Ages, remembering too, the venom with which Asch besmirched the character of Paul in his novel *The Apostle*, it was with fear of being offended in his deepest Christian sensibilities that this reviewer began reading this story about our Blessed Mother. But the sanctity and sweetness of the Mary of the Gospels and of Christian Tradition, the purifying influence she has had on twenty centuries of Christian civilization, the ardent love she has inspired in the hearts of Christ's followers has awed Sholem Asch. He handles his heroine with respect and reverence, one would almost say with racial pride in the "Lily of Israel."

The theme of the story is the suffering, the struggle, and the submission of the Mother in face of the divine decree demanding the death of her son. Asch is a master storyteller. He possesses in a high degree the Semitic talent for colorful description and vivid characterization. In a style reminiscent of the prose of the Old Testament, he recreates the lives and the thoughts of the various religious and social classes of Jesus' day.

Sholem Asch has written a novel, not a history. However a number of his departures from the Gospel record are very arbitrary. The impression is given that he is still trying to build up a case for the thesis (the exploded Tubingen thesis on the origins of Christianity) which he so vehemently endeavored to establish in *The Apostle*.



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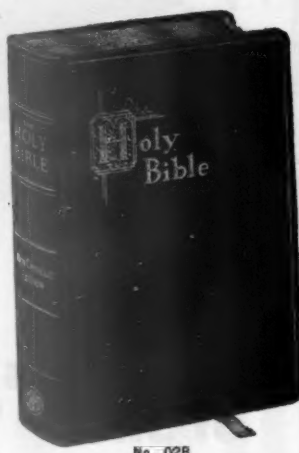
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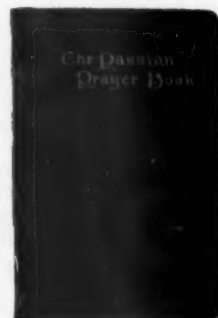


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Asch's departure from Christian tradition in attributing to Mary and Joseph five children subsequent to the virginal conception and birth of Christ is regrettable.

RICHARD KUGELMAN, C.P.

## UNDER THE SUN OF SATAN

By Georges Bernanos. 253 pages.  
Pantheon Books. \$3.00



G. Bernanos

Georges Bernanos in *Under the Sun of Satan* indulges again in his fascinating game of skewering the wayfaring human spirit and grilling it over the radiant coals of the supernatural.

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The Abbé Donissan, curate of the parish of Campagne and later to be pastor of Lumbres, is uncouth and ignorant, but loaded with the moral genius which is sanctity. Through brutal humiliations administered by the conventional prudence of his fellow priests and the preternatural craft of the devil, he is finally perfected. But he is no storybook saint, hacked out of spotless Carrara and posturing rhythmically midway between heaven and earth. Like Job, he is rumples and palsied and frightened, because his holiness has sprouted and matured under the sun of Satan.

Bernanos' protagonists are men consumed with either heroic hunger or heroic hate for the things of God, but rising higher or sinking lower than mere humanity could account for. Off-stage there is always the divine protagonist, panting with divine desire and investing divine capital in the enterprises of his sin-crippled creatures. To the reader who possesses Christian faith, this drama of the godlife in man towers over the drama of human romance or human ambition by as much as the power and mercy of God surpass the strength and caprice of man.

To the poised skeptic, who is the average reader, Bernanos can be nothing less than a great novelist and poet. But to the enlightened man of faith, he is also a powerful—if unofficial—preacher of the Kingdom of God.

JEROME COLLINS.

## THE THREE WISHES OF JAMIE McRUIN

By Charles O'Neal. 248 pages.  
Julian Messner, Inc. \$2.75

The story of Jamie McRuין and of the triumph of his three wishes marks the advent in the novel field of a fluent young writer who has a highly sensitive ear for the lilt of the Irish brogue. Mr. O'Neal wanders a bit carelessly from fantasy to realism while spinning his yarn of the nineties. He tells of two Irishmen, an oldster and a "broth of a boy" full of his dreams, who flee their homes on the "bare Connacht rocks" and cross the ocean, settling in Atlanta, Georgia. Their families, supposing them drowned, hold a wake for them. It is their "shenanigans" after joining a nomad group of Georgia Irish horse traders, the "Travelers," that furnish the fun and frolic of the tale.

In spite of the many interesting characters, such as the inimitable marriage-maker, Owen Tavish, who has the Irish sagas on the tip of his tongue, the Atlanta tombstone cutter who believes in ghosts, and a lot of fairy paraphernalia and superstition that the modern novelists of Ireland have long discarded, the plot of the *Three Wishes* wears boringly thin. The reader must plod through a series of happenings that hinge on coincidence to find out if Jamie and his lovely, Georgia-born Maeve will receive his third wish, "a son that speaks in the ancient tongue."

Mr. O'Neal writes clever dialogue, but it is not thought provoking for the mature reader. Perhaps, as his stature increases, he will learn to handle the intellectual side of his characters as expertly as he now does the physical.

ELIZABETH M. NUGENT.

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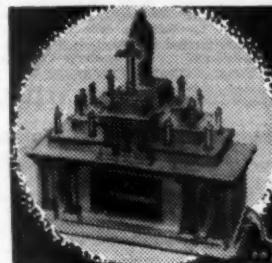


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titled, "An American Credo." And it is precisely that. It is Mr. Lilienthal's written credo, of course. But it is a credo for every American too.

The basic premise is: "We are a people with a faith in each other, and when we lose that faith we are weak, however heavily armed. We are a people with a faith in reason, and the unending pursuit of new knowledge; and when we lose that faith we are insecure, though we be ever so heavily armed. We are a people with a faith in God, with a deep sense of stewardship to our Creator, the Father of us all; and when that is no longer strong within us we are weak and we are lost, however heavily armed with weapons—even with atomic weapons—we may be."

The author sees danger in the overspecialization of our age, with liberal education, upon which democracy rests, grown weak. He sees danger in overcentralization of government, with local administration grown almost extinct. He sees danger in the apathy of an uninformed people. And he recommends that all the people take their turn in government jobs so that the responsibility of administration or legislation will rest on all, so that the brains of all may work for the common good of all.

This American credo lacks the zing of stories of high adventure. And this is unfortunate. For democracy is the highest adventure in the political order. Nor would anyone be harmed by studying all the credo implies. Style of presentation is indeed secondary to the importance of what is presented within these few pages.

DAVID BULMAN, C.P.

## SHORT NOTICES

**THE HISTORY OF THE PRIMITIVE CHURCH.** By Lebreton and Zeiller. 1272 pages. Macmillan. \$16.50.  
These are the first two volumes of a projected twenty-four-volume set covering the whole range of Church History from the time of Christ to the present. Each area will be treated by the best available specialist talent, so that the twenty-four volumes will represent the scholarship of more than thirty of the best historians in the field. These two volumes are the combined product of Père Lebreton, of the Institut Catholique, Paris, and Jacques Zeiller, of the Sorbonne. They conduct the reader through the crisis of infancy and persecution which the Church endured up to the time of the Peace of Constantine, A.D. 313.

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such fact in a space that will not be too detailed for the general reader, but will be ample enough to guide any amount of special research; coverage of controversial points so that statements can be rapidly checked and corrected; utilization of all critical work, and appeal to original sources to decide points which have not yet been subjected to intensive critical study.

**DANTE THE PHILOSOPHER.** By Etienne Gilson. Translated by David Moore. 338 pages. Sheed & Ward. \$4.00.  
In *Dante the Philosopher*, Dr. Gilson has a twofold purpose in mind: he very humbly submits his philosophical interpretation of the famous poet and at the same time defends his writings against many of his false interpreters. Although he admits the tremendous wealth of material contained in the writings of Dante cannot be gleaned without the help of his better Italian commentators, he inveighs against many others who endeavor to force their own system of interpretation upon his works. He singles out for special criticism Père Mandonnet and his allegorical treatment of Bernice. Those who are not too familiar with Dante's works can gather much from the lucid prose of Dr. Gilson, but it is directed primarily to those students of literature who have studied the poet and his more important commentators.

**REASON TO REVELATION.** By Daniel J. Saunders, S.J. 241 pages. B. Herder Book Co. *Reason to Revelation* is a treatise on apologetics designed for the use of the laity. The author, in his introduction, explains the role of apologetics in the Church, refuting those who insist on its negative rather than its positive aspect. He treats of mysteries, miracles, the gospels, the Divinity of Christ, His sanctity, and concludes with His resurrection. The traditional arguments of the Church are presented in a simple yet forceful manner. This book will prove very helpful for study clubs, the instruction of converts, and for the reading of all who want to know more about the fundamentals of their holy faith. An excellent bibliography is appended.

**LIVING WITH GOD.** By Ven. Francis Libermann. 255 pages. Catholic Book Pub. Co. \$2.00. Venerable Libermann was a convert Jew, an epileptic, Superior General of the Congregation of the Holy Ghost, and one of the great pioneers of the African missions. He will probably be canonized some day, as processes directed to that event are well under way. This volume contains his doctrine of holiness, which, while being the old traditional doctrine, is cut to fit life as prospective saints must live it in this more modern day. Libermann has the gentility and blandness of St. Francis de Sales with a large seasoning of the businesslike briskness of St. Ignatius. His spirituality, as presented here, will make an excellent review of the changeless formula for holiness. It will also vitalize the old recipes by enabling us to see them lighted and colored by the personality of this holy man, who won out through so many handicaps.

## THOUGHT CONTROL

(Continued from Page 25)

the members of the Advisory Board to their own organizations.

Their success in the past has made these men determined about the future. In the task-force report on Medical Affairs of the Hoover Commission, Appendix E was written by Dr. Will Menninger and Dr. Jack Ewelt. They there make a strong and seemingly disinterested bid for centralization of control. They recommend: "Psychiatry and neurology would be a service parallel to medicine and surgery and other such specialties as are deemed of sufficient importance, grouped into a professional division. At the top of the neuro-psychiatric division should be a director and, associated immediately with him, two subgroups:

a) a small, full-time co-ordinating and planning group with responsibility for the total mental health picture of the nation;

b) a powerful consulting advisory group from civilian life."

The former has a ring of familiarity. It could be the foreshadowing of G.A.P. at the center of governmental power in the field of mental health for the nation.

As a final check in the story of the intellectual and political advance of Freud and his disciples, it must be pointed out that one of the trustees of the Menninger Foundation, a trustee who has lectured both at home and abroad on various allied subjects, is one Mary Sweitzer. A check of the Federal payrolls reveals that Miss Mary Sweitzer is also assistant to Oscar Ewing, Administrator of the Federal Security Agency and advocate of socialized medicine. There is every opportunity for her to use her influence with the U. S. Public Health Service, with which she is in contact as a higher government official. The question has been raised by many doctors of the propriety of a government official in such a position being on the Board of Directors of any such Foundation, be it of a private or public nature.

From Freud into the future of American mental health has been a series of easy steps for G.A.P. When they advance, atheism advances with them. Whether or not the followers of the Viennese pessimist are to survive and, if they are to survive, are to dominate is a question only the future can answer. Current trends indicate that other schools of thought on psychiatry may still be heard from. But thus far the Freudians have won the day. They have won many skirmishes, and they are now closing in on the mind of America—perhaps to remove it altogether.

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## LETTERS

(Continued from Page 4)

educating these unenlightened businessmen and capitalists to the fact that the consumer, the citizen, and the worker are one and the same person and that whatever redounds to the benefit of the worker is also for the benefit of the country and the consumer.

E. T. HOPPE

Chicago, Ill.

### EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

It is refreshing to read *THE SIGN*, especially in regard to labor and other domestic issues. You show a great deal of fairness in presenting the side of the little fellow, the man who works for a living, and his union.

I am also very happy to see you view the housing situation realistically and that you are not joining in the cry of some other papers and magazines for the removal of the ceilings on rents.

Big business and the real estate lobby dominate the policies of most of our periodicals, and it is about time someone took a stand for the fellow who needs it the most—the workingman.

JOHN J. MURTAGH

Queens Village, N. Y.

### "Mexican Brew"

#### EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

So the Mexicans plug their beer product as "The beer that made Milwaukee jealous." Well, do you know what St. Louis' slogan is for the famous Budweiser? "The beer that made Milwaukee blush."

ROSEMARIE JOBERN

Chicago, Ill.

### Radio

#### EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Have just read Miss Marilyn Maus' comments in the September issue in favor of Henry Morgan, the radio comedian, and wish to say I agree with her and thoroughly enjoy his program, also Arthur Godfrey's. It proves their sponsors are big enough to take their remarks in the good spirit in which they are given.

MRS. F. WRIGHT

Upper Montclair, N. J.

### "The Alien Corn"

#### EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

What the reaction of other converts may be to Lucile Hasley's article, "The Alien Corn," in the July issue of *THE SIGN*, I do not, of course, know.

My experience as a convert has been completely different from any suggested in the article. So far from the "Ellis Island feeling of an immigrant to a strange land," mine has always been that of homecoming after long wandering. The fundamental beliefs of the Catholic Church are simple, logical, and satisfying from the time a convert, aided by the grace of God, accepts them. Yet one can go on, year after year, acquiring additional understanding of all the Church stands for, until a lifetime has been spent in learning her truths

and there are mines of knowledge still untouched.

Is there, after all, such a chasm between the born Catholic and the convert? Much must depend upon what use a Catholic makes of his or her knowledge of Catholic doctrine and teaching, whether it comes through being born in a Catholic family and educated in Catholic schools, or, as with the convert, by intensive research and study.

(MRS.) ETHEL OWEN MERRILL

Oconomowoc, Wisc.

### "Black Shoes for Confirmation"

#### EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Thus far, criticism of "Black Shoes for Confirmation" has been one-sided. May I offer a word in praise of the author's ability to portray effectively his characters. Theresa's plight and consequent emotions can be keenly felt and appreciated by the reader.

In your September issue denunciation was leveled against the author for "throwing a wrong light upon the practice of the nuns" who had the children assembled an hour and a half ahead of time. Granting a slight exaggeration, parents of parochial school children have known a similar demand which can be imputed easily to the good Sisters' zeal and their desire for the perfect accomplishment of the task at hand. There is no evidence that the author intended a slighting remark.

The un-Christian attitude of the girls toward Theresa in the moments of her embarrassment was another point brought out by the September critic. In regard to this, it is apparent to all who are intimately associated with groups of children that they are often unwittingly cruel in their conduct toward schoolmates who are in unfortunate circumstances. Though this is a lamentable fact, it is nonetheless real. The irate reader may be disturbed at its existence but should not be perturbed at its inclusion in a story of people.

M. CLAIRE MACCANN

Boston, Mass.

#### EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

"Black Shoes for Confirmation" seems to have caused more censure for the writer than any of the other stories you have published during the past year.

The trouble with the story is this: It is authentic, insofar as a typical city parish is concerned. In fact, except for the child's problem, it might have been straight reporting rather than a piece of fiction. For some reason Catholics like to shy away from things as they are in fiction and prefer to read about things as they should be or as the individual Catholic would like them to be. This, I believe, is the reason for the adverse criticism you have printed so far.

It was very pleasant to find that the Catholic working poor have at last an articulate spokesman who treats them not with the usual condescending pity, but with the sympathy and dignity they deserve.

ALICE M. HENDERSHOTT

Maspeth, N. Y.

## THE HOUSE WHERE HELEN LIVES

(Continued from Page 43)

"Bill—please . . ." the woman said. "If Harry finds out . . ."

"Sure," I said. "We can't let Harry find out. He'd raise plenty of hell. Besides, I'm ready to retire, anyhow."

Well, sir, when the officers made the report Bill's name was left out of it. Then the tow cars came for the bus and the woman's automobile.

One of the officers offered us a lift, and Bill turned to me and said, "How about coming home with me? We both need a cup of coffee."

I tried to say something, but there was something wrong with my throat, and I just nodded.

The lights were on in the little house when we drove up. Helen came to the door in some kind of a long dress, and when she saw Bill she let out a little cry and put her arms around his neck. "Oh, darling," she said. "I've had the awfulest feeling that something bad happened to you."

Bill patted her shoulder. "There, there," he said. "I was in a little smash-up, but I wasn't hurt. Joe looked after me."

She saw me then, and I'll be blamed if she didn't come right over to me and kiss me too. Imagine an old codger like me getting kissed by a pretty little thing like her! Glory!

Well, pretty soon she made coffee and sandwiches and we sat around and talked. I just listened, mostly. And every minute I could see things getting right between the two of them again.

When I left, they invited me to come back. They said it like they meant it. Of course, I don't want to make a pest of myself, or anything, but I figure maybe it won't hurt if I look in on them once in awhile, and maybe take the little girl a bag of candy.

Bill took me to the door and shook my hand. "Why'd you do it, Joe?" he asked me, so low that Helen couldn't hear.

"Well, you see," I said, "I'm a family man myself."

Well, nobody in the company said much to me. After all, it was the first accident I had had in thirty years of driving, so the boss didn't bawl me out, exactly. He just told me I was getting on in years and since I was due for a pension I ought to take it. And I got the idea. So they gave me the plaque and everybody felt sorry for me.

I know I'm in for a ribbing from all the fellows if I take a bus ride today, but I think I'll go, anyway. I don't have much else to do, and then, like I say, I sort of like to keep an eye on the house where Helen lives.

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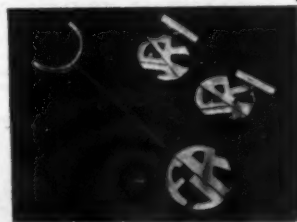
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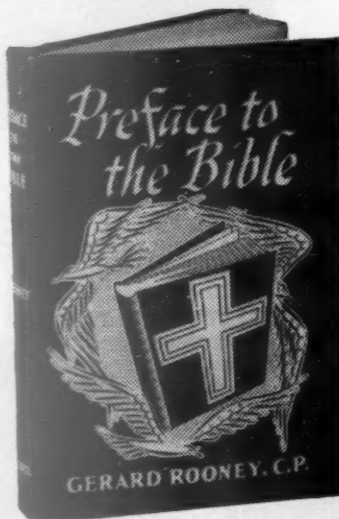
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## HE HATES EASY JOBS (Continued from Page 12)

Harry Truman kept his promise. Some six months after he entered the White House, he appointed McGrath to be Solicitor General.

As the Government's No. 2 lawyer, McGrath got an insight into the workings of the Justice Department and once again demonstrated his ability as an administrator.

In the fall of 1946, McGrath was faced with a major political decision: whether to stay on at the Justice Department or run for the Senate seat left vacant by the retirement of his oldtime political tutor, Peter Gerry.

Despite indications that it would be a Republican year from Maine to California, McGrath tossed his hat in the ring. The predictions of the political pundits were borne out; the Republicans swept both the Senate and the House. But in little Rhode Island, Democrat Howard McGrath kept his record clean, a record of never having lost an election.

He took his seat in the Senate in January, 1947, and quickly became a leader of the liberal bloc.

On the floor of the Senate, McGrath seldom spoke up. But in the mysterious, whisper-filled domain known as "cloak-room politics," he worked effectively for the adoption of Administration measures.

He continued in the Senate even after he was named to succeed the ailing Robert E. Hannegan as Chairman of the Democratic National Committee. Of all the tough jobs he's had in his life, he cheerfully concedes that this one was the toughest. The newspapers, the pollsters, virtually everybody said the Democrats didn't have a chance. Even the party workers themselves began to despair.

"I had to get the defeatism out of our own workers first," McGrath recalls.

That he succeeded is now a matter of record.

Just before the election, a Washington newspaper hit the street with an "exclusive" story to the effect that dispirited Democrats had started packing. It "revealed," among other things, that McGrath had put his own house up for sale.

A reporter for another paper telephoned him to find out whether it was true.

"Sure, I'm selling my house," McGrath admitted, "but it's only because I want to buy a bigger place. I expect to be around Washington for a long time."

Observers familiar with his record are inclined to agree wholeheartedly with that statement.

**THE SIGN**

## THE GIFT

(Continued from Page 59)

patiently for her mother to use the knitting bag; but there was always something else for her to do—making new drapes for the parlor, the house cleaning that never seemed entirely finished, the ceaseless darning.

Joyce came in one day after school just as relatives from out of state were leaving the house.

"Joyce, I have something to tell you," her mother said when they were alone.

"What is it, Mom?"

"Well, Aunt Celina, who was here this afternoon, told me how hard it is for her to get along. You know the large family she has. Did you notice how faded her coat was?"

Joyce didn't say anything. It seemed she was about to plunge into a deep depression.

"Well, we were looking over my things and she saw the knitting bag you gave me for my birthday last month. Remember?"

Joyce didn't want to cry. Big girls don't cry. "I remember."

"Well, it's just like new because I never used it much, you know. And poor Aunt Celina thought it was beautiful." Her mother's hands busied themselves running along the tablecloth. "I knew you wouldn't mind if I gave it to her."

Joyce wanted to run quickly out of the room, out of the house. But she only stood there and said: "I don't mind, Mother." She walked slowly out of the room and into the parlor and she did not want to think. She did not want to remember what Mr. Lucier had said about birthdays, and love, and remembrance. Not her mother. Not her mom. Joyce stood there in the parlor, looking out of the window, trying not to think, while her mother's voice, asking her to go to the store, scraped like sandpaper against her ears.

### III.

Joe came into view, walking down the street, whistling like a boy on the first day of vacation. "Here comes Joe," she said to her mother, as she smiled at him through the window.

"So you're going to do it, then. Haven't I always been good to you and given you everything, Joyce?" her mother asked.

Joyce was silent for a moment; she seemed to be waiting for Joe's step on the porch and the ringing of the doorbell. "Almost everything, Mother."

"Almost? Why, whatever do you mean, Joyce? Was there something...?"

You have to be cruel sometimes. "There was something, Mother, but you didn't have it to give."

Joyce walked out of the room as the doorbell rang.

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